

WAS THE LAST SUPPER A JEWISH PASCH? ¹

WHEN faced with apparent contradictions in the Gospels, the Protestant Liberal theologian is prepared to admit the discrepancy and confess that at least one account is wrong. Now the Synoptics appear to say that our Lord celebrated the Jewish Passover, and St. John that the Crucifixion took place before the Passover. The doctrine of inspiration will not allow us as Catholics to reject any part of the Gospel narrative, and we must therefore try to reconcile the accounts which appear to be in contradiction. But, quite apart from inspiration, other considerations would seem to show the impossibility of any real discrepancy in the narratives of the Last Supper and Passion. In the first place, at the time when St. John wrote his Gospel, the three other Gospels—as well as the catechetical sources which the evangelists used—were well known and enjoyed an established reputation as authentic records of our Lord's life; so that it is difficult to believe that St. John would write an account which contradicted that of trusted and authoritative witnesses, whose statements could have been checked for a quarter of a century. Secondly, two of the evangelists, Matthew and John, took part in the events related, while a third, Mark, according to tradition, was writing what he learnt from St. Peter. Now Peter, John, and Matthew must all have known on what day our Lord died, on the festival-day of the Jews or on the preceding day; about such a date there could be no mistake. Even if (neglecting inspiration) St. John's memory had been hazy, he would surely have referred to the records of St. Matthew and St. Mark. We start, therefore, with the conviction that the narratives must be in accord.

But there is undoubtedly an apparent contradiction. It is agreed that our Lord died on a Friday; but the question arises—which was the festival-day of the Jews, the Friday or the Saturday? The Synoptics would seem to say that

¹ This question was discussed in *THE MONTH* for March, 1891, by Father Sydney Smith, but at this distance of time it may be fairly stated afresh from a somewhat different point of view, although the conclusion reached is practically the same. It is of considerable importance in Biblical apologetic.

our Lord celebrated the Pasch on the evening before His death, and that, therefore, He was crucified on the festival-day. For all three speak of His message asking for a room where He and His disciples might eat the Pasch, and they seem to identify the Last Supper with that Pasch. Thus (Mc 14/12 sqq.): "Now on the first day of the unleavened bread, when they sacrificed the pasch, the disciples say to him: Whither wilt thou that we go and prepare for thee to eat the pasch? . . . And whithersoever he shall go in, say to the master of the house, The master saith, Where is my refectory, where I may eat the pasch with my disciples?" (Mt 26/19 sqq.) "And the disciples did as Jesus appointed to them: and they prepared the pasch. But when it was evening, he sat down with his twelve disciples. And whilst they were eating," etc. St. Luke (22/15) goes even further, and reports our Lord's words during the Supper, "With desire I have desired to eat this pasch with you, before I suffer." Against this we have St. John's statement that the Supper took place "before the festival day of the pasch" (13/1); that, when Judas left the supper-room, the other disciples thought "that Jesus had said to him: Buy those things which we have need of for the festival day" (13/29)—which had therefore not yet come; that next day the Jews, on leading our Lord to Pilate, "went not into the hall, that they might not be defiled, but that they might eat the pasch" (18/28); and St. John gives other indications which point to the day following our Lord's death as the festival-day.

The various attempts at reconciliation of the Synoptic account with that of St. John may be divided into three classes: (1) some try to make the texts of St. John agree with St. Luke and the other synoptics; this we may call for convenience' sake the "Synoptic opinion"; (2) others support the hypothesis (in one form or another) that there were two consecutive days on which the pasch might be eaten; (3) a third school take St. John as their standard and try to bring the Synoptic account into line with his: this may be called the "Johannine opinion." When one comes to investigate these various attempts one is struck by a curious fact: supporters of contradictory theories will take a plain text and draw diametrically opposed conclusions from it. Thus the Johannine school will point to Jn 18/28—"they went not into the hall, that they might not be defiled, but that they might eat the pasch"—as proving that our Lord's

death took place before the Pasch. On the other hand, Dr. Edersheim, a supporter of the Synoptic opinion, says that, if the pasch was to be eaten that evening, then the selfsame text of St. John makes nonsense, since their ceremonial defilement would cease at sunset. This difference of interpretation seems to be based upon different preconceptions regarding the Jewish Passover customs, so that there may be room for an attempt to state clearly what actually happened at the Passover. We have as authorities the written Law (the Old Testament) and the oral Law, referred to in the Gospels as "the traditions of the elders." This oral Law was embodied later in the Mishnah, a collection of rabbinical sayings and decisions, put into writing about A.D. 200. Much of it deals with the time previous to the destruction of Jerusalem, as is shown by the recurrence of the phrase "while the Temple was still standing" and by the fact that many of its ordinances and descriptions concern acts performed at the Temple itself. Another authority is Josephus, the Jewish historian of the end of the first century after Christ.

If we turn first to the Old Testament we learn the following about the Passover and the feast of the Unleavened Bread from Exodus xii. On the 14th day of the first month (later called Nisan) a yearling lamb without blemish was to be sacrificed "between the evenings" (Deut. 16/6 has the corresponding phrase "at the going down of the sun"), and was to be eaten at night; nothing should remain till morning, but if anything was remaining it must be burnt: they must eat it in haste, with loins girt for a journey, with sandals on their feet and staves in their hands. Unleavened bread must be eaten during the seven days beginning with sunset at the end of the 14th and ending at sunset at the end of the 21st, and on the first day there must be no leaven remaining in the house. The first and the seventh of the days of Unleavened Bread must be celebrated as special festivals on which no work must be done except such as pertained to eating. In Num. 12 we find the regulations concerning those legally unclean at the time of the Passover; they must celebrate a second Passover with the same ceremonies a month later.

So much for the written Law. The Rabbis characteristically interpreted and hedged round these commands by means of the oral Law, so that in the Mishnah we have more detailed regulations, with numerous doubts and difficulties

solved, while changes also have crept in. The Mishnah is our best guide for the time of our Lord, for it certainly refers to the time before A.D. 70, and very probably goes further back than the time of our Lord, since the leading exponent of the oral Law, Hillel, and Shammai, the founder of the school opposed to his, both flourished during the latter half of the first century before Christ. From the Mishnah we get the following facts about the Passover customs:¹

(1) *Preparation.* On the evening which ushered in the 14th Nisan [*i.e.* the evening of what we should call the 13th, for the Jewish day was computed from sunset to sunset, so that for them the evening was the beginning, not the end, of the day] the master of the company or his deputy must search by candle-light for any leaven in the house, which leaven must be burnt next morning at eleven o'clock; if by any chance this search be neglected, it must be made next morning. Leavened bread may be eaten till 11 a.m., but after that hour there must be none in the house.

(2) *Killing of the lambs.* Normally, the afternoon sacrifice was finished at 3.30, but on the eve of Passover it was advanced an hour in order to give time for the killing of the lambs. This is in agreement with Josephus' statement that the lambs were killed between 3 and 5 o'clock (B.J. VI. ix. 3). But when the eve of Passover was a Friday the afternoon sacrifice was advanced two hours, that the lambs might be killed earlier and the cooking finished before the Sabbath-rest began at sunset. There is a full description in the Mishnah of the ceremonial of the sacrifice of the lambs in the Temple, but there is no evidence that the lambs could be killed anywhere but at the Temple in the presence of the priests. Josephus, in the passage referred to above, says that about the year 65 A.D. 256,500 lambs were slain in two hours, but his figures are probably exaggerated, as he is using this number as a basis for estimating the population of Jerusalem, which he puts at nearly three million. Still, the statement seems to show that there was no inherent impossibility in a very large number of lambs being sacrificed; and, since the priests made the estimate by keeping tally of the number sacrificed, we have confirmatory evidence that the slaying took place at the Temple.

(3) *The Passover Meal.* All must arrange themselves at ease round the table, and four cups of wine must be provided for all, there

¹ Most of what follows is taken from the Treatise, "Pesachim."

being a special fund which made this possible for the needy. After the first cup had been poured out, vegetables were placed before the company, then unleavened cakes and lettuce with the cheroseth, a kind of sauce; lastly, the lamb was brought in. The second cup is then drunk. The son of the house asks the master of the company the meaning of the ceremony, and there was a strict obligation to give an explanation recalling the first Passover in Egypt. Then follows the first part of the Hallel, or psalms of praise. A third cup of wine is drunk; grace after meals follows, and after the fourth cup the remainder of the Hallel brings the feast to a close.

(4) *Special ordinances.* The priests, as well as those for whom the lambs are sacrificed, must be legally clean, both at the time of sacrifice and at the Passover meal. Those legally unclean had to keep a Second Passover a month later in accordance with Num. 9/10. The remains of the lamb must be burnt on the 16th (or, if that day be the Sabbath, on the 17th), since to do so on the 15th would be a violation of the precept of rest on the festival-day. This precept is identical with the law of Sabbath-rest, except that the preparation of food is allowed. Various examples are given of what must be avoided on the festival-day, there being express mention of the administration of justice and of beating the breast in token of sorrow.

In the light of what has been given on the authority of the written and of the oral Law we may now examine the various attempts to solve the difficulty of the Gospel narrative. Without making any appeal to the evidence of St. John we shall endeavour to show, from what the Synoptics themselves say, that our Lord did not die on the feast of the Passover, but on the 14th Nisan, at the very time of the sacrifice of the lambs, and that the Last Supper was not the Jewish Passover meal.

Examination of the Synoptic opinion. According to this interpretation, Friday was the festival-day. The disciples asked our Lord about the preparations for the Pasch on the Thursday: two of them went and prepared the pasch, and our Lord and His disciples celebrated the Paschal supper on Thursday evening. Supposing this to be true, what do we find? The Apostles become anxious about the preparation on the Thursday, whereas the preparation should have begun the evening before. As regards the Last Supper, there is no trace in any of the Synoptics of the peculiar ritual which characterized the most important meal of the whole

Jewish year, except, perhaps, the word *ἡμῖς* (Mc 14/26), though commentators are not agreed that this would be a proper word to use for the recitation of the Hallel. We find no mention of the lamb, of the question to the Master and his explanation of the ceremony, of unleavened bread or of the cheroseth. The chalice is *shared* (perhaps twice) among the company, and so cannot be one of the ritual cups which each one must drink. St. Luke's text, "With desire I have desired to eat this pasch with you" (22/15), will be discussed later. But perhaps the most striking details of all concern the forbidden acts performed on the 15th, or festival day (*i.e.*, the day, according to this hypothesis, which began at sunset before the Last Supper). One of the disciples is armed with a sword; a mob armed with swords and clubs is sent by the chief priest to arrest Jesus: there is at least one judicial meeting of the Sanhedrin, who thereupon adjourn in a body to accuse our Lord before Pilate, and later before Herod: Simon of Cyrene appears to be returning from work in the fields; the Jewish women beat their breasts in sorrow at the sight of our Lord, and the crowds do the same on their return from Calvary. In addition to this the texts concerning the burial emphasize the absence of any Sabbath-rest in force on that day; there is no objection to the Body being on the cross on the Friday, but it must be hastily buried before sunset, as the next day is the Sabbath. The holy women, on their return, prepare spices, but take care to observe the Sabbath-rest next day. Most of these acts, be it noted, are direct violations both of the written and of the oral Law. Whatever one may say of these details, considered individually, their cumulative effect shows that in the Synoptic narrative there are clear indications that the day of our Lord's death was not a solemn day of rest, and that therefore it could not have been the 15th Nisan: consequently, the Last Supper could not be the Passover meal of the Jews, a conclusion which is borne out by the absence of description of the detailed ceremonies of the Passover meal.

These considerations, coupled with the statements of St. John, have led some to formulate the hypothesis that there were two consecutive days observed as the festival day, the first by our Lord and His disciples, the second by the Jews in general. In this way they claim to safeguard the text (Lc 22/15)—"with desire I have desired to eat this pasch." But none of the various forms of this theory seems sound

when tested by the evidence of the Mishnah and of Josephus.

Examination of the Double-Passover views. It has been suggested that our Lord died on the 14th, the eve of the festival-day, and, by His divine authority, anticipated the Passover meal by twenty-four hours. This, of course, does not admit either of proof or of disproof. Our Lord undoubtedly could change the date and authorize the preparations and the slaying of the lamb against the provisions of the Law. But it seems strange that this solution should be proposed in order to safeguard Lc 22/15: for the Last Supper, on this hypothesis, could not have been the pasch in the literal sense of the word which we are asked to accept.

Others appeal to a possible inaccuracy in the observation of the new moon which might result in the keeping of Thursday as the 14th by our Lord and His disciples, and of Friday by the Jews in general. But the violations of the rest, prescribed for the 15th, are due both to our Lord's disciples and to the Jews. Further, there is no evidence that there could be two successive days observed as the 14th, and we know that the calendar was fixed by the decision of the Sanhedrin, and not left to the calculations of private observers.

Professor Chwolson invented a new theory. In his view, when the 14th fell on a Friday, the killing of the lambs was on the Thursday, because thus was avoided the breaking of the Sabbath-rest, which would have occurred if they were killed on the Friday! He argues that, the lambs having been killed on the 13th, the Passover meal could be eaten either that evening or the following day. His idea that to kill the lambs on Friday would be a breaking of the Sabbath-rest, is due to his view that the lambs were killed after sunset. This basis of his whole theory is contradicted by several first-century authorities as well as by the evidence of the Mishnah. Thus Josephus (B.J. VI. ix. 3) and the author of the Book of Jubilees (xlix. 19) both mention the afternoon. From the Mishnah we learn that the afternoon sacrifice was anticipated an hour to allow time for the killing of the lambs, and two hours *when the 14th was a Friday* (Pes. 5/1); that it was quite customary for the lambs to be killed on the Sabbath (Pes. 5/8-10); and that the killing of the lambs supersedes the law of Sabbath-rest (Pes. 6/1-2). Faced with this first-hand evidence, Professor Chwolson could only reply that it must have referred to the years immediately preceding the destruction of the Temple.

Still another attempt has been made to support the hypothesis of a double Passover. Appeal has been made to the so-called Badhû calendar rule, certainly in force at the present day among the Jews. Rupertus Tuitensis seems to have been the earliest to propose this solution of the difficulty, in the twelfth century. He says (Migne, P.L. 168, c. 1533) that, according to rabbinical tradition, the 15th Nisan could not fall on a Friday, but was transferred to the Saturday in order to prevent the occurrence of two successive days of sabbatical rest. It has been suggested that this rule was in force in the time of our Lord, and that He and His disciples observed the true lunar calendar, while the Jews followed the corrected legal calendar. But, neither in the Mishnah nor in any previous work is there any suggestion of the existence of such a rule: on the contrary, as we have seen, a special ruling was in force that *when the 15th was a Friday* the remains of the lamb must be burnt on the 17th instead of on the 16th (Pes. 7/10). It would appear vain, therefore, to appeal to the Badhû rule to find a solution of the difficulty.¹

The Johannine opinion. After so much destructive criticism, it is perhaps time to state the view based upon St. John's account, and to discuss certain objections urged against it. In addition, we shall show that this view has very strong support from the tradition of the first three centuries. According to this interpretation, the 14th Nisan fell on the Friday (*i.e.*, Thursday sunset to Friday sunset), while the 15th or festival-day coincided with the Sabbath. On Thursday evening the disciples ask our Lord about the preparations for the pasch at the time when the preparations ought to begin. The two disciples found a room prepared for them, and they make the only preparation necessary, *i.e.*, the search for the leaven.² When it was dark, our Lord and His dis-

¹ There are three days on which Passover may not fall according to this calendar rule. But Passover is only indirectly affected, the rule being primarily concerned with New Year's Day of the Jewish civil year. The religious year began in spring with the month Nisan; the civil year begins in the autumn with the month Tishri. The 1st of Tishri may not fall on Wednesday or Friday because this would cause the great fast day of the Atonement (10th Tishri) to fall on Friday or Sunday, and great inconvenience would be caused if it fell next to the Sabbath. The 1st of Tishri may not fall on Sunday because the great national holiday Hosha'na Rabba (21st Tishri) would then fall on the Sabbath, a thing forbidden in post-Mishnah times. This explains why there are three days, Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, impossible for Passover, since it occurs 23 weeks 2 days before the 1st of Tishri. (See *Jewish Encyclopedia* III. p. 503; M. Friedländer, *Jewish Religion*, 2nd ed. p. 367.)

² The Douai Version (Lc 22/13) has "and made ready the pasch." The Greek text would also bear the rendering "and made the paschal preparation."

ciples had their Last Supper together (not the Passover meal, which was due twenty-four hours later), during which Supper the Blessed Eucharist was instituted. All the incidents of our Saviour's Passion took place on this 14th Nisan, before the hour when the strict festival-rest began, *i.e.*, sunset on Friday.

It will be noticed that, according to this interpretation, the disciples' question to our Lord is placed on the 14th, as also it would be if what I have called the Synoptic opinion were correct. Any objection, therefore, based on the phrase, "the first day of Unleavened Bread," affects both views alike. The phrase does certainly cause a difficulty. We should expect it to refer to the 15th Nisan. Professor Chwolson states that no Jewish writer ever applies it to the 14th, while Josephus (*Ant.* III. x. 5) identifies the second day with the 16th. On the other hand, both St. Mark and St. Luke clearly state that the "first day" was the day for the sacrifice of the lambs, *i.e.*, the 14th. Perhaps two passages in Josephus may support the evangelists' use of the term, in itself natural enough since the search for leaven was made at the beginning of the 14th. We read in *B.J.* V. iii. 1—"on the feast of Unleavened Bread, which was now come, it being the 14th of the month Xanthicus (=Nisan)," and in another place (*Ant.* II. xv. 1) he says that the feast lasted eight days (though the Law prescribed only seven); it appears then that the 14th could be included in the days of Unleavened Bread.

The text—"And when the hour was come, he sat down: and the twelve apostles with him" (*Lc* 22/14)—has been interpreted as referring necessarily to the hour appointed for the Passover meal, and so has been held to show that the Last Supper must be the Jewish Pasch. But the Greek phrase need not have this special application; it may be of the same colourless nature as *ἐν ἐκείνῃ τῇ ἡμέρᾳ*, in which not even *ἐκείνῃ* necessarily gives any precise meaning to the phrase. That here it should not be strictly pressed is shown by the fact that neither in the written nor in the oral Law was there any definite hour appointed for the Passover meal; it had to begin after sunset and be finished before midnight.

But the supporters of the Synoptic opinion generally lay most stress upon the texts of St. Luke—"Where is the guest-chamber, where I may eat the pasch with my disciples?" and "With desire I have desired to eat this pasch with you, before I suffer" (*Lc* 22/11-15).¹ If our Lord was using the

¹ Cf. *Mt* 26/18 "With thee I make the pasch with my disciples."

word "pasch" in its ordinary sense, then St. Luke certainly appears to contradict St. John. But may not the word be taken, as so many have taken it, as referring to the institution of the Blessed Eucharist? In the year of our Lord's death the Jews did not, strictly speaking, celebrate the Pasch; they went through the customary ceremonies which had now lost all meaning since the old dispensation was past. At the hour when the lambs were being killed, the Lamb of God was being sacrificed, the type was replaced by the anti-type; the paschal sacrifice was celebrated, not in the Temple, but on Calvary. And, since the sacrifice in the Supper-room was one and the same with that on the Cross, most truly could our Lord call it the Pasch. It is not suggested that the Apostles understood our Lord's words; it is clear from St. John's description of the Last Supper that there were many of our Lord's words and actions that night which, at the time, passed their comprehension. But, before St. Luke wrote his Gospel, his master, St. Paul, had already written "Christ our pasch was sacrificed," so that (quite apart from inspiration) the words of our Lord must have been clear when the Gospel was written.

It is claimed for the view here defended that it is not open to the grave objections which can be urged against the other opinions discussed; in other words, that the account of St. John can be taken as exact without its being out of harmony with the Synoptics or with what knowledge we have of Jewish customs. It has, in addition, very strong support in tradition. Jewish tradition is not of much use, but in the Babylonian Talmud there are several passages generally acknowledged to refer to our Lord, and twice it is stated that He was "hung on the eve of Passover." In early Christian tradition we have the Quartodeciman controversy, a name applied to different controversies. It is the second stage of the controversy which interests us here. A dispute arose between certain Churches of Asia Minor and the rest of the Church; the usual practice was to celebrate the anniversary of our Lord's death on a Friday, but the Johannine Churches of Asia Minor celebrated it on the 14th Nisan, irrespective of the day of the week, a practice which they based upon the tradition handed down from St. John the Apostle; this dispute was settled at the First Council of Nicæa, A.D. 325. It was a question of the commemoration of the death of our Lord, and throughout the dispute both sides agreed upon the

date, the 14th Nisan. None of the many opponents of the Quartodecimans ever pointed out that our Lord did not die on the 14th, whence we may conclude that no important section of the Church harboured any doubt about the date.

Let us pass to individual Fathers. *St. Irenaeus* (adv. Hær. 4/10: P.G. 7/1000) says that the hour and day and place of our Lord's death agreed with the command of the Law concerning the Passover, since He died on the day of the Paschal sacrifice, at the hour of its immolation, and at the holy city, the only place where the Pasch could be sacrificed. *Tertullian* (adv. Jud. 8: P.L. 2/656) speaks of the Passion being completed "at the time of the Pasch, on the first day of Unleavened Bread, on which day the Jews were ordered to kill the pasch." *Julius Africanus* (Frag. P.G. 10/89), when arguing against the possibility of the sun's darkness being due to an eclipse, uses the words—"on the day before the first day of the Pasch the things concerning the Saviour (*i.e.*, the Passion, of which he had been speaking) happened." *Lactantius* (Epit. div. instit. XLV.: P.L. 6/1053) has—"the executioners . . . hung Him on the cross and fixed Him thereto when they (the Jews) were about to celebrate next day the Pasch, their festival day." We have also the clear testimony of the Fathers quoted at the beginning of the *Chronicon Paschale* (P.G. 92). *St. Apollinaris* of Hierapolis accuses of ignorance those who "say that our Lord ate the Paschal lamb with His disciples on the 14th, and that He died on the great day of Unleavened Bread, and (who) explain Matthew as saying this, according to their interpretation"; and later he speaks of the betrayal and crucifixion on the 14th of "the true Pasch of the Lord, the great Sacrifice, the Son of God in place of the lamb" (*Cf.* P.G. 5/1297). *St. Hippolytus*, the most learned man of his time in the Western Church, argues against a heretic: "He is mistaken inasmuch as he fails to understand that Christ did not eat the legal pasch at the time He suffered; for He was Himself the Pasch, which had been prophesied and was consummated on the appointed day" (P.G. 10/869). Lastly we have *Clement of Alexandria* and *St. Peter of Alexandria*. The latter agrees with Clement and concludes: "Not indeed, as some led astray by ignorance strongly maintain, when He had eaten the Pasch was He betrayed: we have neither learnt this from the holy Gospels nor has any of the blessed Apostles handed it down to us" (P.G. 18/517). Clement puts forward so clearly the

view we have maintained that we may be excused for quoting more fully. "In former years the Lord in observance of the feast ate the Pasch slain by the Jews. But when He had finished preaching,¹ being Himself the Pasch, the Lamb of God, led like a sheep to the slaughter, forthwith He taught His disciples the mystery of the type on the 13th,² on which day they asked Him: Where wilt thou that we prepare for thee to eat the Pasch? On this day there took place the consecration of the unleavened bread and the previous preparation (*προετοιμασία*) for the feast. . . . But our Saviour suffered on the following day, being Himself the Pasch, sacrificed by the Jews. . . . Consistently with this, on the 14th when He suffered, the chief priests . . . would not enter the praetorium, that they might not be defiled, but might be free to eat the Pasch in the evening" (P.G. 9/757).

To sum up. The Synoptics, if they appear to say that our Lord ate the Last Supper at the time of the Jewish Passover meal, also show that the following day was not the 15th or great feast-day, while, judged by the evidence of the Mishnah, their statements do not seem to identify the Last Supper with the Jewish Pasch. On the other hand, there is positive evidence against the various attempts to show that there could be two consecutive days for the eating of the Pasch. There remains the third solution of the Gospel difficulty, that the Last Supper was not the Jewish Pasch; we have endeavoured to prove that this solution is in accord with the evidence, and that it is upheld by the early tradition of the Church. The later tradition, which prevailed to such an extent that the Council of Trent uses the words "*celebrato vetere pascha . . . novum instituit Pascha*," began to be commonly accepted in the fifth century; it would be an interesting study, but beyond the scope of this paper, to trace and account for its growth. The words of the Council of Trent, being of the nature of an *obiter dictum*, cannot be considered as a dogmatic decision of the question; the view we have put forward is in accordance with the early tradition of the Church, and has the support of many modern Catholic writers.

F. X. NAIRNE.

¹ That this is the translation of the Greek appears from a comparison with the parallel passage in St. Peter of Alexandria.

² Clement may be going further than we have ventured to go in putting the disciples' question on the 13th; or it may be that he is using "the 13th" as including the evening, when the 14th had actually begun.

DONNE AS A LOST CATHOLIC POET

SOME one, first in that field, should write a little book, which should be a scientific and authentic study of Dr. John Donne as a Catholic: preferably should the author of it be of the same faith. Donne's Catholicism, as a creed and a code of action, can have gone not very far beyond his majority; but as an influence, it wrought upon him to the end of his life of fifty-eight years. His critics have all recognized this, with entire candour; and by the latest and best of them, Prof. H. J. C. Grierson, of Aberdeen University, it is most memorably examined and expounded. Dr. Grosart, a rash editor, but often a good guesser, wrote long ago of Donne's *Divine Poems*: "They seem to us to belong to the Roman Catholic period, and even those later to be coloured by Roman Catholic training."¹

A later and much more charming pen comments thus:

The Holy Sonnets are very interesting for the light they throw on Donne's prolonged sympathy with the Roman Church, over which his biographers have been wont to slur. All these Holy Sonnets probably belong to 1617, or the period immediately following the death of Donne's wife. . . . They seem to confirm Walton's remark that though Donne inquired early in life into the differences between Protestantism and Catholicism, yet that he lived until the death of his wife without religion. . . . In his other divine poems also, the Roman element is often very strong, and the theology of a cast far removed from Puritanism. In the very curious piece called "The Cross," he seems to confess to the use of a material crucifix, and in "A Litany" he distinctly recommends prayer to the Virgin Mary, 'That she-cherubim which unlock'd Paradise.'²

Every Catholic who is an attentive reader, every psychologist brought in contact with the interesting and peccable characters of that English age, will agree that Donne, wherever his utterance is devotional, shows himself a child (and not a strayed child) of the old Church. Nevertheless, no one has been able to prove that the authorship of his "noble numbers" antedates, say, the production of the bitter Pseudo-Martyr of 1610, still less the production of the subtle, though

¹ Donne, Ed. A. B. Grosart, Vol. II. p. 14.

² *The Jacobean Poets*, Gosse, 1894.

rough and powerful Satires, which show a strife, involving some vital change, going on in his mind. A manuscript draft of these, now in the British Museum, is dated 1593; in that year Donne celebrated his twentieth birthday. The remark of Jonson to Drummond is well known, that "all Donne's best was written before he was twenty-five." It is possible that Father Ben thought the Satires best. But the body of Donne's verse is large; he seems to have had no unproductive early period; it is hardly likely that, amid all the disagreeable scum and froth of his "yeasting youth" which has come down to us, there should not have been lyrical births of another kind, such as the wonderful rushing sonnet beginning:

Batter my heart, Three-Person'd God!

or the exquisitely pathetic:

Thou hast made me: and shall Thy work decay?—

both of which come from a mood of agonized spiritual struggle, from the innermost deeps of a soul torn with sinful passions, yet highly sensitive to the allurements of grace. These things are more characteristic of awakening manhood than of domestic absorptions and anxieties at Mitcham, or the harboured Deanery of St. Paul's. Jonson and Donne seem to have known each other very well: one, a convert insufficiently instructed, came into the Fold almost as the other, brought up among martyrs and confessors, went out of it. Jonson's judgment was a true touchstone: he must always have seen that the stormier religious verse from Donne's pen was also of the better literary quality; and when he spoke briefly of his "best" as anterior to 1598 (the year Ben himself became a Catholic), he may well have intended to include the verses just mentioned, and others of the same heart-rending moral beauty.

Donne's prose, both in the controversial works expected from one in his position, and in the sermons which entranced his sermon-loving generation with their sombre music, can hardly be called lacking in antagonism to Catholic doctrine, or innuendo against Catholic practice. But his poetry is never merely Anglican. Placed beside George Herbert, Donne looks like a mediæval scholiast. Should he utter in passing an Anglican sentiment, however, he shows no self-consciousness. The long "Letanie" is indeed, as Mr. Gosse implies, fragrant with Catholic feeling, but not everywhere. The twelfth section, Virgins, brings in, ever so naturally,

Donne's disbelief in the indefectibility of the Church of Christ. He laments that the virgin saints

—have not obtain'd of Thee
That or Thy Church or I
Should keepe, as they, their first integrity.

This is intimately characteristic of the religious spirit under James I. and Charles I. A dozen instances might be cited from contemporary writers.

There is a great deal of Catholic circumstance surrounding Donne, which has been weighed by no biographer. His father, after whom he was named, is loosely said to have been Welsh, but Welsh genealogists throw no light upon his origin. The name Dwn or Dunne certainly is, or can be, Welsh. The poet's great friendship with the Herberts may point to a common racial bond. But there were John Donnes and Henry Donnes (these two the dynastic names in the poet's line) mixed up in the plots and rebellions of the time, some before his birth, some during his boyhood, men familiar with prisons and scaffolds in Devon and elsewhere. Were these hot spirits, loyal to the losing side, relatives of Donne's father, of whom we know so little? The latter must have been a Catholic: it is impossible, yes, impossible, that otherwise Elizabeth Heywood would have married him. The London merchant, to whom and to whose widow he was agent, must have been a Catholic: for by will, the merchant left a great bequest to any Cistercians who should refound a monastery in his native county: a notable provision in a Protestant reign. John Donne, the father, died in his prime, leaving two infant sons. To his elder boy he was a living memory many years after. One of his sonnets starts off thus:

If faithfull soules be alike glorified
As Angells, then my fathers soule doth see,
(And adds this even to full felicitie)
That valiantly I Hels wide mouth o'erstride.

John Donne, in the exercise of his intellect, was a lonely man, entirely without the partisanship and confidences and alliances of that collaborative age. He held himself aloof from Recusants and ex-Recusants alike. His patrons, and his very few close personal friends, were all men grounded in the State religion. So were his correspondents, as well as we can now judge by surviving evidence. Donne's wife, Anne More, came of a family who had chosen Protestantism not so long before, having been bred in the old ways. Her uncle, the notable Lord Chancellor, Sir Thomas Egerton, he

who figures so largely in Donne's scene, "had been a Catholic, but went over to the other side, for he loved the things of this world."¹ On all sides, our Donne was bound by ties of blood to the true breed of Recusants who would never "runne with the times." His young only brother o'erstrode the mouth of Hell after his own fashion by sheltering a hunted priest in his chambers at the Inns of Court, and suffering, purely for this one heroic act of charity, his death: for Henry Donne was at once cast into one of the more insupportable London gaols, where he succumbed quickly, and was honoured as a martyr, we may be sure, by the never-wavering faith of his loving mother. Her ancestry was so magnificent (in a sense unknown to the heralds) that we may pause here to salute it.

Elizabeth Heywood was the only daughter of John Heywood, dear to Henry VIII. and to Queen Mary for his singing, his epigrams, and his interludes. Her brothers were Ellis or Eliseus Heywood, S.J., author of *Il Moro* (a charming old book, never translated into English), and the better known Jasper Heywood, the poet of that name in the *Paradyse of Daintie Devyces*, at one time Provincial of the English Jesuits. "Old John Heywood, of the mad mery witt," Donne's grandfather, had taken to wife Elizabeth Rastell, whose parents were conspicuous in their day for devotion to letters and for constancy in their religion. One of these parents was William Rastell, the judge, More's editor, and brother to John Rastell, S.J. The other was Winifrid Clement, sister to Margaret, the great foundress and prioress. This admirable helpmate of William Rastell, mother to Elizabeth Heywood the elder, was the offspring of the good Dr. John Clement and of Margaret Gigs, Blessed Thomas More's kinswoman, and worthily dear adopted daughter. William Rastell himself was actually of the More blood, for his father, the lawyer and printer, John Rastell (who died in prison for his faith in 1536), had married Elizabeth, sister of the great Chancellor, and daughter of Sir John More, *homo civilis, innocens, mitis*, of a memorable filial eulogy. Fed by so many concurrent ante-natal springs, Elizabeth Donne may be considered as summing up in herself the fullness, social and spiritual, of the splendid More tradition.

Now to little John Donne, exclusively brought up by his mother, and but three years old when he lost his father, all these holy names were nursery legendry. A visit of most

¹ Autobiography of Father John Gerard, S.J., in *The Condition of Catholics under James I.*, Morris, 1871.

of his own folk, would be a rich adventure, both for him and them, for they must have been always fresh from a furtive voyage across the Channel, or else winging a hurried way back into voluntary exile at Malines or Louvain. He could hardly have understood that their absence from England and from him meant that they had a conscience to serve and a cross to bear. Others may have been to him, an Oxonian of eleven, more than a fleeting vision. That heroic maternal kinship of his was full of octogenarians, rare as octogenarians were in the sixteenth century: so that of many of them he was himself a contemporary. His valiant great-great-grandmother, Margaret Gigs, was dead but three years before his own birth, and her husband, Dr. Clement, lived on till 1572. Donne's great-grand-uncle, Father John Rastell, died in 1578, when Donne was a child of five; Father Ellis Heywood died the same year. Grandfather Heywood, so we are told by the biographers and bibliographers, is lost sight of after 1565, and is supposed to have ended then his varied and blameless career; but an extant document, a return of "fugitives over sea" made to the Exchequer, includes his name, as late as 1577. Donne's Clement connections allied him with the Prideaux of Thewborough and the Copleys of Gatton, and gave him remote cousinship with yet another saint and martyr, Robert Southwell, of the Society of Jesus. Has this ever been noted? Donne was in his twenty-third year when that great poet, almost

The Muses fairest light in noe darke time,
bore good witness to his Master at Tyburn Tree, in the year 1595. What a pedigree of honour, and what a cluster of collaterals for John Donne, the man of letters! No one, surely, in his England was so predestined to literature, or could count so many names of writers linked to him by blood or marriage as Blessed Thomas More, the two Rastells, the three Heywoods, "the unknown poet, Thomas Pridioxe," Anthony Copley, Richard Stanihurst, Father Southwell, and Cresacre, Edward, Thomas, and Dame Gertrude More! Yet that which all this "chivalry of Christ" prized far beyond the glories of Helicon, John Donne found it in him to throw away.

There was one always beside him who would have treasured such memories, as women will, and wound such blessed examples close about her heart for solace. Donne's mother had to live on through the heart-break of his great change, and

of his reception of orders and preferments in which she could take no pride. She passed the whole of her old age under his kind roof. She had been fifty-six years a widow when she drew her last breath in 1632, having survived by one year the genius she had brought into the world. By her deathbed may have stood her worthless grandson, John Donne, the younger. On him, the embodiment of her fine gold scattered, her priceless Catholic inheritance beaten down into the dust, her last glance in this world may have rested.

There are things which should not remain unsaid in this sad matter of one of our greatest apostates. Donne somewhere cries out, in that strange arresting way of his:

O doe not with a vile crowne of frail bayes
Reward my Muses white sinceritie!

No man to whom it is given to see into and feel into words can challenge Donne here. To all who try to study his uniquely difficult temperament, his pages of every mood between Hell and Heaven, he stands forth as essentially honest. Granted that his lapse from the faith of his fathers had something to do with early moral aberrations, or was even caused by them; granted that he listened lingeringly to the voice of ambition, never heard in Recusant thickets, but only on the new national highway of smooth pavements and easy ascents; granted that, sensitive in the supreme degree, he left like a coward the boding Gethsemane where his own family had knelt in the shadows for nearly a hundred years;—even so, John Donne's, in the end and to the end, was a spirit unassailably sincere, as sincere as Renan's, and far more fundamentally religious. His every tone and gesture has a sort of burning truthfulness. No label fixed upon him now will help readers to understand this: they must understand it, if at all, by a romantic leap of instinct. Donne's quiet conscience may be, to some, one of his mysteries. It shows, again and again, in gentlest reference to Catholic tenets, in accurate statement of theology he has abandoned, in certain not altogether expected references, such as his continual ones to Our Lady. These not only never fail in reverence; they never fail in humblest love and loftiest enthusiasm. It must be admitted without reservation that Donne seems never to have suffered a throb of remorse, once his decision was taken. Not his to waver to and fro like poor Alabaster, whose haunted and haunting face was as familiar at Lambeth as at Douay or Rome. Something stable, tender, tranquil, affirmative, characterizes Donne's later years, and breathes in his later verse.

Moving between his chosen boundaries, and without looking to right or left, he came to what he himself had named, in the Anglican ideal of it, "God's physick and God's musick, a Christianly death." He is supposed to have drawn up his own epitaph. With entire composure, it describes him as accepting Anglican orders in his forty-third year: moved thereto by the promptings (*instinctu et impulsu*) of the Holy Spirit, and the insistence (*monitu et hortatu*) of King James.

There are those who, in regard to Donne, will always be conscious chiefly of certain vile stuff, "writ in his wild unhallowed times," which, to be his punishment before posterity, is in all his best editions preserved; though it should also be remembered that no verses of his were published until he was in his grave. There are those who perceive and resent his haughty tempestuous mentality, creating its own laws, hurrying into words beautiful and turbid as any torrent pouring down the channelled hills, and moulding and colouring seventeenth-century England as they go. There are those who find merely horrible his lean, patient, ghost-like effigy, snatched from the Great Fire of old St. Paul's, to stand in the St. Paul's built by Wren. But others of us Catholics are only sorry for John Donne, and still miss him from the hearth, and are willing to leave him unsolved until the Day when our judgment of one another can be just. Meanwhile, an Amen and a Requiescat close very well the deeply-felt lines with the quotation of which, almost at random, this slight study must end. They are from a monologue by Donne (not yet Dean), dating from the outset of his visit to Germany in 1619. But they might have come from a would-be Cistercian gliding happily and for ever into his cloister. Donne, at his best, is always like that, giving surprises and vistas and "long, long thoughts" of the questing soul of man:

I sacrifice this Iland unto Thee!
 And all whom I lov'd here, and who love mee.
 When I have put our seas twixt them and mee,
 Put Thou Thy sea betwixt my sinnes and Thee.
 As the trees sap doth seeke the roote below
 In winter, in my winter now I goe
 Where none but Thee, the eternal Roote
 Of true Love, I may know.
 Seale, then, this bill of my divorce to all
 On whom those fainter beames of love did fall;
 Marry those loves which in youth scatter'd bee
 On Fame, Wit, Hopes (false mistresses!) to Thee.
 Churches are best for prayer that have least light:
 To see God only, I goe out of sight;
 And to 'scape stormy dayes, I chuse
 An everlasting night.

L. I. GUINEY.

VENERABLE JEROME OF ALGIERS

THE Sacred Congregation of Rites has recently (December, 1919) discussed the question of the martyrdom of the Venerable Jerome, put to death in hatred of the Faith in Algiers, September 18, 1569.

The Venerable Jerome was an Arab, and a convert to Christianity from Islam. His story belongs to that dark chapter in the history of North Africa which covers the period of the Mohammedan supremacy—practically, from the seventh century until the invasion of Egypt by Napoleon, 1798. Of this long period historians give us but glimpses, horrible glimpses, of a picture of intrigue, corruption, incapacity, and lust. All the information we possess points in the same direction, and throws a baleful light on two favourite English theories one hears too often aired at Algiers—first, that religious truths are subjective, and a matter of personal prejudice—that one thing is true in London because it “suits” the English temperament, and another thing is true in Algiers, because it “suits” the Arab temperament; and second, that Mohammedanism, to which it is too often an English weakness to pander, is a “half-way” house from paganism to Christianity.

The life of the Venerable Jerome was a protest against the first of these fallacies; his death was an exposure of the second.

Everything about him is interesting, even the way in which his history came to be written, by the Spanish Benedictine Haedo, Abbot of Fromesta. In 1612, Haedo, being at the time almoner to the Primate of Palermo, whose namesake he was, wrote a remarkable history of Algeria. He had never been there, but he knew a vast deal about it in this way: the Primate, a man of extraordinary missionary zeal, was in the habit of spending large sums yearly in redeeming Christian slaves in Algiers, and having them brought to Palermo to be brought up as his adopted children. Among the terrible tales they had to tell was the story of Jerome and the Fort of the Twenty-Four Hours, and it was Haedo who, hearing this and other marvellous stories of suffering for the Faith, was one day inspired to write a book,¹ which is now generally

¹ Haedo: *Topografía de Argel* (1612). Translated into French by M. Berbrugger (1847) and published in the Algerian periodical *Akhbar*.

acknowledged to be a standard work on the history of Algeria.

It will be seen how, at least in the case of the story of the Venerable Jerome, recent discoveries, in the process of demolishing the Fort of the Twenty-Four Hours, have proved in a wonderful way that the story told by the redeemed captives, and recorded by Haedo, is true, not only in substance, but in detail.

And this is the story:

In 1540, the Spaniards attacked Oran, and some of their soldiers took captive a little Arab boy. He was put up for auction, and bought by a certain Prelate, whom Haedo calls simply Juan Caro, and who appears to have accompanied the Spanish troops. By him the child was baptized, given the name of Geronimo, or Jerome, and brought up as a son. Then plague broke out, and in the disorganization which followed, some Arab captives escaped from the camp, and, "thinking to do him a kindness," took Jerome with them, and restored him to his parents. He lived at home for several years, returning, as his father bid him, to the Mohammedan faith. Then suddenly they missed him. He had found his way back to Oran, and to Juan Caro. You might think this was a mere longing to see the world; to improve his position in life; and to enjoy the indulgence of a rich and powerful foster-father. No doubt his parents thought so, and said so. It was not until ten years after that Jerome proved his quality. Through the influence of Juan Caro he was permitted to enter the Spanish Guards as a paid soldier—that is, as a free man, and not as a slave. And we learn that he married another adopted child of the Prelate, also an Arab convert to Christianity. For in those days the horrors of Algerian captivity were what the Armenian massacres are to us, and it was the pious work of the Church, not only to redeem Christian slaves, but to rescue souls from the yoke of Islam.

Juan Caro seems to have been very kind to the young couple, and Jerome had ten years of happiness and prosperity. Then he was captured by Algerian pirates, in 1569, and fell to the lot of the Governor supplied by Turkey to help the Arabs keep order among themselves in Algeria. This Governor, Euldj-Ali Pasha, was not a Turk. He was a Calabrian apostate, and when he heard that Jerome was no Spaniard, but an Arab, and a convert to the religion he him-

self had betrayed, he treated him with exceptional cruelty, and had him loaded with chains and isolated from the other prisoners. The most learned *marabouts* were sent to urge him, some with promises, others with threats, to renounce his faith. To all he gave the answer many another has given. *Come rack, come rope*, said Blessed Edmund Campion, he would profess the Faith. And so it was with Jerome. Informed, the Pasha fell into a murderous rage. It chanced that he was inspecting the erection of a new fort by the shore, and in his blind anger he called the master-builder, a slave called Maitre Michel from Navarre, and pointed to an empty mould of concrete. "Leave me that empty," he said; "I have a mind to make concrete of that dog from Oran who refuses to return to Islam."

Poor Michel dared not disobey. All he managed to do was to communicate with Jerome and warn him of his certain fate.

"God's Will be done," said Jerome, as cheerfully as Blessed Thomas More, in his garden at Chelsea, when the fight with nature was won, and he had made the choice which he knew would lead to disgrace and to death.

The night passed, and another slave spent it with Jerome—a priest whose name is not recorded. We know of one priest, a Capuchin and a Spaniard, the confessor of Don Juan of Austria, who was well known in Algiers at that time. Don Juan had sent him a large sum of money for his ransom, and this money he had spent on the ransom of several of his most unfortunate companions, preferring to live and die a slave, in order to devote the rest of the money to the buying of a piece of ground adjoining the site of the Fort of the Twenty-Four Hours, and consecrating it as a burial ground for Christian captives. In this place, now demolished, he himself was buried. It is perhaps an idle fancy, but one likes to think it was he who had the happiness of assisting the Venerable Jerome in the night before his glorious death for the Faith.

At three o'clock in the morning, some of the six thousand terrible Turkish janissaries, who kept order at Algiers, appeared, and led Jerome, with insults, to the Fort, which they called the Fort of the Head of the Holy Negress, but which was to be known to generations of Christian slaves as the Fort of the Twenty-Four Hours, in memory of the period of Jerome's imprisonment and death.

The Pasha and his court were there, and a multitude of other people, both Turks and Arabs. Jerome was asked once

more if he would save his life by returning to Islam. He replied simply that he was a Christian. Then he was buried alive. They bound him and threw him into the mould, and a Spanish apostate, known in Algiers as Djarfur, bounded forward, intoxicated with triumph and rage, and stamped on him. The mould was filled in, while the crowd looked on "with pleasure and delight." The body remained in the wall of the fortress, and Haedo describes the exact spot where it was to be found. Nearly three centuries later, M. Berbrugger, the French translator of Haedo's book, investigated the spot indicated, but without result, because, he says, a giant cactus was in front of it, forming a complete barrier. In 1853, the Fort was destroyed, and behind the cactus there was found the body of a man answering in every detail to Haedo's description of Jerome—a small, spare, brown man of thirty-five, with distinctly Arab features.

The body was taken to the Cathedral of St. Philip, in Algiers, after a cast had been taken in the same way that casts were taken of the bodies of the people buried in the lava at Pompeii. This cast is now in the Musée d'Art, on the slopes of Mustapha Supérieure, near the fairy-like Summer Palace of the Governor. The Venerable Jerome is lying in a position which reminds one of Maderna's figure of St. Cecilia, in the church in Trastevere. Only it is not beautiful as St. Cecilia's is. There is no art to hide the anguish. The excellent guide from the hotel St. George dismisses Jerome with a word. "The Turks killed him, and the Pope canonized his body," is his version of the affair—and he hurries you on to admire Kairwan tapestries and Kabyle pottery. But Jerome, so startlingly out of place in this exhibition of barbaric works of art, refuses to be forgotten. He pursues you outside, in the brilliant, perfumed garden, and forces on your mind thoughts which overshadow the sunshine. It is so often like that at Algiers. Descend to the mosque of the Fish-market, a typically Moslem monument with bald, white walls and grudging windows. A legend lingers round it which ought, one would think, give pause to the adherents of the "half-way house" theory. In a vague way it reminds one of the Holy Wisdom, with its brooding central dome, four lesser ones, and slim minaret. For it is built in the form of a Greek cross, and this surprising fact is probably accounted for by the legend which says that a Christian prisoner, a Genoese master-builder, was compelled to design it, and solaced his conscience by making the design cruciform. When

this, on the completion of the mosque, was noticed, the brave architect was instantly put to death.

Once more, the Moslem scimitar, which wiped out a Church illustrious with the learning of St. Augustine, and the life-blood of St. Cyprian, and SS. Felicitas and Perpetua, is no half-way house to Christianity. We may give it the credit for releasing fetish-ridden Africans, tortured in mind and body, from what Sir H. Johnston describes as some of the most hideous forms of religion ever invented. But having got so far, the result is stagnation. Islam does not lead to Christianity. It does not lead anywhere. It is a blind alley. And the question constantly protrudes itself: If the Arabs, with their amazing mental endowments, had not embraced it, what might have been their position in the world to-day?

The mosque of the Fish-market is admired by many English people, not only as a work of art, but also because it is "so devotional." There are no statues of the Virgin to distract the mind, as I have heard more than one person remark! "You know," said a quite educated woman to me in Algiers, "Mohammedanism, if you look at it in the right way, is really a form of Christianity. Mohammed had to found it, to counteract the idol-worship of the Roman Catholics!"

This kind of talk is so common in Algiers (I mean among the English), that it is sometimes difficult to be at the same time a Catholic and good-tempered. One of the most precious ideas I came across was in a book on Algeria by Dr. Bodichon, the husband of Barbara Lees-Smith, the founder, at Hitchin, of Girton College. Dr. Bodichon, who was in his day the oracle of the English colony at Algiers, sets out to warn his readers of three dangers connected with the climate—it induces to mental and bodily sloth; it, nevertheless, during the time of scirocco, incites to violence; and by "augmenting the personality," it promotes selfishness. His opinion is that "Calvinists and Methodists will be found to resist [these temptations] better than persons of other persuasions," and urges that colonists should be induced to join one or other of these sects!

Nevertheless, few people would venture to disagree with Taine, who goes out of his way to record his opinion that but for the Trappists who succeeded where everyone else failed, France might never have overcome the initial difficulties of making Algeria a fertile and profitable colony.

EDITH COWELL.

CATHOLIC CHAPLAINS IN THE ROYAL NAVY

1856—1914

BEFORE going into the history of Catholic chaplaincies in the Royal Navy, it must be remembered that it was only towards the end of the eighteenth century, as a result of the great need for seamen, that Catholics were allowed to enter His Majesty's Service afloat. If we find instances of their doing so before this time, they did it at the expense of their faith, except for a few years during the reign of James II. During the first half of the nineteenth century, *i.e.*, until the appointment of the first Catholic priest to minister to the Navy in 1856, the only opportunity the officers and men ever had to hear Mass or approach the Sacraments was when they could get leave to go ashore. Catholic chapels had been opened in all the chief dockyard towns by 1800. It was in these obscure and hidden places of worship that the sailor practised his religion.

At Portsmouth, during the eighteenth century, there were but few opportunities for Catholics. From 1733 a priest had been stationed permanently at Brockhampton, near Havant, and in 1759 the mission at Gosport was started, with a resident priest. Between 1781 and 1790, the first permanent church was built by Bishop James Talbot, who describes it as "most useful to sailors, especially during time of war." A few years later the first Catholic chapel since the Reformation was opened in Portsmouth itself, with a Mr. Cahill in charge.¹ But the man who did most for the Catholic bluejackets in those days was the French *émigré* priest, the Abbé François Delarue, who built the church in Prince George's Street, Portsea, which was used until the opening of the present cathedral in 1882.

All the other naval towns, Devonport, Chatham, Sheerness, etc., have a similar ecclesiastical history,—small but gradually growing accommodation, facilities "tolerated," assistance from French *émigrés*.

Under such difficult conditions, which prevailed well into

¹ *The Dawn of the Catholic Revival* (Ward), Vol. I. pp. 306—308, gives in full an interesting letter regarding the building of this church.

the second half of the nineteenth century, it is amazing that the Faith was kept alive in the Navy. Yet here and there officers and men could be found who were leading lives of extraordinary devotion and piety, *e.g.*, Augustus Henry Law, who became a Catholic in 1852, and afterwards joined the Society of Jesus.¹ His letters are a revelation of the high standard a zealous Catholic could maintain if he chose, even in the midst of such completely Protestant surroundings.

Other details concerning Catholic life in the Royal Navy about this time can be found in the late Hon. Mrs. Maxwell-Scott's *Henry Schomberg Kerr, Sailor and Jesuit*, and in *The Life of Lieut. Rudolph de Lisle, R.N.*, by H. N. Oxenham.

The year 1856 will always be remembered in the annals of Catholic Naval History because it saw the nomination of the first regularly appointed Catholic Naval chaplains. At the request of Cardinal Wiseman, Bishop Grant of Southwark made arrangements with the Admiralty for the Rev. William L. Woollett to take on the work of Naval Chaplain at Portsmouth. At the same time, the Rev. Henry Woollett was appointed to the chaplaincy at Devonport, and two years later, the Rev. H. Lea was appointed to Sheerness and Chatham. These three priests were all very much hampered in the proper discharge of their duties, owing to their want of any regular status and quite insufficient salary.

In 1869, another important date, the Admiralty issued an order that the commanding officer in every port, on receiving notice of the place and hour of Divine Service from the minister of any denomination, shall cause the same to be notified on board Her Majesty's ships. Also that, as far as possible, the men shall have leave from Saturday to Monday so as to attend Divine Worship in any place they please. Also that every restriction shall be removed which interferes with the entry of ministers of religion into naval hospitals and prisons.

But the injustice of official arrangements for the religious welfare of Catholic sailors was very little mitigated by these enactments, and Father W. L. Woollett, about this time, issued a pamphlet to call attention to the grievances under which Catholic chaplains laboured—no naval status, insufficient pay, no pension, few facilities of access to their flocks, etc. *The Tablet*, in December, 1869, vigorously backed up this appeal, and it was enforced by further correspondence. But there

¹ See *Life of A. H. Law* (Burns and Oates).

was no practical result. It was not until 1878 that the civil authorities could be induced to move further, although increased accommodation was provided by the Church at the chief naval bases.

In that year—a memorable year in the history of "Catholic Relief" in the Royal Navy—after a long series of negotiations, and after a debate in the House of Commons, the late Mr. W. H. Smith, then First Lord of the Admiralty, issued the following minute:

7th June, 1878.

My Lords direct that when a number of large ships forming a squadron are sent on any service that may keep them a considerable time away from a port where the services of a Roman Catholic priest are available, arrangements should be made for one to accompany the squadron.

But only ten years later, in 1888, did the Admiralty, writing to the Catholic Association, of which the late Duke of Norfolk was then President, recognize their responsibility and the pledge given in 1878, and proceed to put it into execution.

This was not done by their own initiative, but happened in the following manner. During the Cretan difficulties of 1888, Admiral Sir Gerard Noel, in command of the Mediterranean Fleet, took the matter into his own hands and appointed a priest of independent means to accompany the Fleet as Catholic chaplain. The Admiral, it will be remembered, was a strong Evangelical Churchman, so the action is even more to his credit than would have been the case in other circumstances. The reason why the minute of 1878 was not acted upon before, seems to have been the fault of individual Admirals, with whom lay the duty of putting it into practice. The Admiralty at once approved of Sir Gerald Noel's selection, and similarly responded to Admiral Sir Edward Seymour when he submitted a Catholic chaplain for the China Station in 1890. Nothing more occurred until February 17, 1896, when Mr. Dillon, in the House of Commons,¹ received the assurance of Mr. Goschen "that steps were being taken to improve the condition of the Catholic Naval Chaplains." The actual result was the appointment of a priest to Malta, and the chaplains' salaries were raised and

¹ He called upon the Government "to fulfil their pledge of twenty years ago," and complained that the social status of the R.C. Naval Chaplain was regarded as inferior to that of the Protestant. (*Cf. The Tablet*, March 21, 1896, p. 462.)

fixed in 1900. Cardinal Vaughan,¹ being fully alive to the seriousness of the problem, suggested that Count Moore² should meet and discuss the situation with Lord Walter Kerr, the First Sea Lord. As a result, an important deputation,³ consisting of several Irish M.P.s, waited on Mr. Goschen in March, 1900, to deal with the question of supplying proper facilities to Catholics in the Navy for the practice of their religion. A strong letter from Cardinal Logue was read, in which His Eminence stated that he was not likely to withdraw his warning to his flock against the dangers of joining the Navy as long as the existing religious conditions prevailed.

Count Moore insisted on the following five points:

1. That the services of a Roman Catholic priest must be secured for every Naval Base, that they should have facilities of access to R.C. Seamen and Marines, and mentioned the unsatisfactory condition of affairs at Sydney, Hong Kong, Weihai-Wai.
2. That 3 or 4 priests should always be in readiness to accompany any squadron for a lengthened period at sea.
3. A chaplain to be appointed to all training squadrons.
4. That in the case of the outbreak of war a chaplain should be sent to each hospital ship.
5. That H.M. Regulations in favour of the practice of religion should be required of officers, and that the R.C. Prayer Book approved by the Admiralty (*The Guide to Heaven for use of those at Sea*, drawn up and issued by the C.T.S. Seamen's Sub-Committee in 1892) should be supplied to the men, as done for many years in the Army.

Mr. Goschen assured the deputation of his support. Further negotiations took place between the Admiralty and Cardinal Vaughan through Mgr. Dunn, and two so-called "flying chaplains" were appointed to the Mediterranean and China Fleets.

During August, 1903, the Rev. Hamilton Macdonald, an ex-Anglican Naval Chaplain, was appointed to H.M.S. *Sans Pareil* as Catholic Chaplain to the "B" Fleet during the manœuvres of that year. Here are some extracts from the official report presented by him:

¹ He had been asked by the Bishop of Portsmouth to take over the latter's duties in respect to the questions of Naval Chaplains.

² See *The Life of Count Moore*, by Father Albert Barry, C.S.S.R. (1905) pp. 56-69, 265 seq. *The Tablet*, Sept. 22, 1900, p. 460.

³ *The Tablet*, March 31, 1900, p. 501.

By the kind consent of the Captain and Commander it was possible, with few exceptions, to have a daily Mass on board the *Sans Pareil*, at which several of the ship's company assisted. There should have been a better attendance, but this deficiency can be accounted for by the fact that such a thing as a daily Mass on board a battleship was so unusual that it took some time for the ordinary Catholic bluejacket to realize it practically, and so use it; and then a long course of no Mass has tended to exercise a detrimental effect upon their sense of duty.

The real result that I confidently trust has been achieved concerns the appointment of a permanent Catholic chaplain to one of the squadrons in home waters. The experience of these weeks at sea, and the exceptional opportunity of hearing the expression of the prevalent and widespread opinion of Naval Officers on active service afloat, tend to convince me that such an appointment is not only urgently needed and quite practicable, but would also be welcomed by everybody in and out of the Service as a simple act of just government. (*The Tablet*, p. 422, Sept. 12th, 1903.)

In 1905, an additional chaplain was appointed for service with the Atlantic Fleet when absent from its Base.

In 1906, the Archbishop of Westminster was appointed by the Holy See Ecclesiastical Superior (*pro tempore*) of all commissioned Navy and Army chaplains, with power to treat with the Government for the appointment of naval chaplains, and to grant them Faculties which may be used in any part of the world, but only on board ship. If, however, by arrangement of the Commander of the ship, it is necessary for the chaplain to exercise his Faculties on land, he must, if possible, notify the Ordinary of the place, not to obtain authorization, but simply to show proper deference, except in the case that he exercises his functions for others than members of the Navy. In this case he is obliged to have recourse to the Ordinary of the place where he is.¹

It must be remembered that to a very large extent the existing arrangements were the result of a compromise, and as will be seen from what has been stated above, had been made many years ago, before there was a proper central authority to deal with the Navy. It is believed that in peace times the average number of Catholics in the Service was about 8½ per cent. Such a small number could hardly claim the privilege of a chaplain on each ship—even on every large ship where the total complement is over 1,000; in such a position

¹ *Acta Apostolicæ Sedis*, XL. 5.

he would have very little to do. Nor would it be scarcely practical to group all Catholic officers and men together on certain ships as some persons have suggested. The existing system was, and is, based on the principle that, when ships frequently put into port, the spiritual care of the sailors should be in the hands of the priests resident on shore; but that in cases where men would be absent for any considerable length of time from a port, a chaplain should be allowed to accompany the particular fleet or squadron. As we have shown, the first Catholic Naval Chaplains, *i.e.*, those appointed to Portsmouth and Devonport in 1856—1858, had been given a certain kind of commission from the Admiralty, although their sphere of work was distinctly limited. This system still continued at Portsmouth until 1907, upon the retirement of the Rev. Henry Russell. After this, therefore, the only "Commissioned Chaplain"—in the strict sense of the word—was the Rev. Canon Kent, of Keyham, who succeeded the Rev. Canon Woollett, who had filled the post of Naval Chaplain at Devonport ever since he was appointed by the Admiralty some 40 years previously. As we have explained already, seventeen chaplains were appointed on fixed allowances, proportioned to the amount of time they were likely to have to devote to their naval work (the most important being Portsmouth, Devonport, Chatham, Sheerness, Portland, Queens-town, Malta, Hong Kong, Esquimalt, Simons Town, Sydney, Bermuda, and Halifax). In the strict sense of the word, only one of these priests could be described as a whole-time chaplain, *i.e.*, bound to give all his time to the Navy, for with the exception of the one at Portsmouth, all devoted some part, at least, of their attention to parochial work.

In addition to the above there were also two priests appointed to the Mediterranean and China Squadrons, to accompany these squadrons whenever they were sent away from their respective Bases. It was afterwards thought better by those in authority, that chaplains should be appointed, in most cases, only for a limited period, in case, after a trial, they were either found unsuitable for naval work or were required for other work on shore. But although they did not rank with the Anglican naval chaplains, as being technically "commissioned," yet they were officially recognized by the Admiralty as entrusted with the spiritual charge of the Catholic members of the Service, and in the majority of cases were re-appointed as long as their services were needed.

In addition to these official chaplains, with fixed allow-

ances, there were more than a hundred priests, scattered in all parts of the world, who received payments proportioned to the number of naval officers and men to whom they had occasion to minister. These payments are officially referred to as "*capitation allowances*." The actual number of these priests varied, of course, with the movements of the Fleet.

For several years, from 1905, while the Channel Squadron was based at Gibraltar, another sea-going chaplain was appointed to accompany the ships whenever they put to sea, but when it was transferred to a home base the arrangement was stopped, and for many years Catholics in this squadron had to content themselves with such opportunities for practising their religion as presented themselves when they were within reach of a church ashore. In the South and West of England, and in Ireland, such opportunities were fairly frequent, but it was another matter when they were cruising in Scottish waters, and it was seldom that the officers and men could get to Mass on Sundays, until at last, in August, 1910, after a series of protracted negotiations, an arrangement was made for the Benedictine Fathers of Fort Augustus to visit the Fleet at Cromarty, Invergordon, Kirkwall, etc., and to provide for the spiritual needs of the Catholics on board. At first they were forbidden either to live or hold services on board the ships, but eventually permission was obtained from the Admiralty for them, and all other Catholic chaplains to be treated on almost exactly the same footing as those of the Established Church. In the case of those ships belonging to the Pacific, North American, Cape of Good Hope, South East American, and East Indian squadrons, many weeks and months would often elapse between the Sundays when the Catholics on board the ships attached to them could be taken ashore for Mass, especially in the case of such ships as were detailed for distant and isolated patrol duties.

In the case of Catholic boys who entered the Navy by way of the six regular training ships, which until recent years were stationed at Devonport (*Impregnable*), Portland (*Boscawen*), Portsmouth (*St. Vincent*), Harwich, formerly Falmouth (*Ganges*), Queensferry (*Caledonia*), and Queenstown (*Black Prince*), they were under the spiritual care of the local priests, who were allowed to visit them under much the same conditions as in any Protestant institution ashore, and the boys used to attend Mass ashore on Sundays. By 1914, all these training ships had been abolished with the exception of the *Impregnable* at Devonport, and in place of the old

Ganges there were the large and spacious Royal Naval Barracks at Shotley, the Catholic boys at which were looked after by the priest at Harwich.

The Catholic Naval Cadets at Osborne and Dartmouth were, and are, under the care of the local priests, and attend the neighbouring churches on Sundays for Mass.

According to the King's Regulations, absolute freedom is recognized; the religious denomination of each man and boy is recorded on his parchment certificate; neither is the Anglican chaplain allowed to "enforce the teaching of the Church of England catechism on any persons who, being of a different religious persuasion, might object to receive instruction in a Creed at variance with their own." (Article 117.) Some further extracts from the same Regulations will perhaps help to give a clearer idea of the religious facilities afforded to priests themselves and the Catholics in the Navy:

(620-4). "Every facility is to be given to an officiating minister to visit sick members of his flock in hospitals and in the sick berth on board ship. In the event of any such person being dangerously ill, or of his having received injuries from which he may not recover, the Medical Officer is to inform the Commanding Officer, who will cause the minister of the denomination to which the man may belong to be informed without delay, and will give him every possible facility to visit the patient."

Priests are also allowed to visit their people in ships or barracks and to "instruct the young."

Article 672 lays down "whenever the opportunity is afforded and the weather permits, the senior officer will take care that every facility is to be given to officers and men, who are not members of the Church of England, and who can be spared from their duties on board, to attend Divine Service on Sundays at the established floating chapels, or at places of worship on shore, as the case may be."¹

"Whenever he ascertains, or is informed by a clergyman of any denomination other than the Church of England of the place, or hour of Divine Service, or whenever he may learn that a particular clergyman has been appointed to attend to men of his denomination, he is to make it generally known."

"A nominal list of Roman Catholics, etc., is to be kept on board every ship, and will be open at any time to the inspection of the respective ministers when they come on board."

¹ A list of all the Catholic churches on the coasts of Great Britain has been compiled and is supposed to be issued to the Commanding Officers of ships. It contains hours of Sunday Masses and gives distances from nearest landing places.

POSTSCRIPT.

Upon the outbreak of war, on August 1, 1914, the whole situation was entirely changed. To what extent the authorities of the Catholic Church in this country faced the tremendous responsibilities was made public by Cardinal Bourne in an important speech, delivered on March 17, 1915, in which he stated that, a large fleet having been stationed in the North Sea, and additional hospital accommodation being provided in view of only too possible imminent casualties, the Admiralty, within less than a fortnight from the declaration of hostilities, consented to place at the disposition of the Grand Fleet four chaplains appointed for the period of the war, to be embarked by the Commander-in-Chief when and where he liked, for the service of the four Battle Squadrons. A chaplain was also appointed immediately to the new Naval Hospital at Cromarty, and it was settled that the staff at the other home ports should be strengthened as far as might be found necessary. All these arrangements were made before any *public* representations had been made to His Majesty's Government. It was subsequently considered that four chaplains were not sufficient for the Grand Fleet, and an additional chaplain was appointed for the Battle Cruiser Fleet. An additional chaplain was also appointed at Portsmouth. As the extension of the work of the Fleets has grown with the progress of the war, other new needs arose. Frequent representations from various sources having been made that the number of chaplains of the Fleet, while perhaps sufficient for the actual number of Catholic men, was yet not sufficient to attend to them on account of the difficulties of passing from one ship to another, the Admiralty decided to double the number of chaplains in the Grand Fleet, raising them to ten, and to appoint an additional chaplain to the Mediterranean Fleet; to send a chaplain, if necessary, to the Eastern Mediterranean, and also to appoint two chaplains to the Channel Squadron, and two to the tenth Cruiser Squadron. In addition, a second whole-time chaplain was appointed to Chatham, and two to the Naval Division at Blandford and the Crystal Palace (afterwards in Gallipoli). By November, 1918, there were 34 Catholic naval chaplains ashore or afloat.

It is not within the power of the writer to say much about the work done by these priests who were appointed to look after the spiritual needs of Catholics in the Senior Service during the war. Some day it is to be hoped that a full and

accurate account of the part they played will be compiled. We have to be thankful to the war for many things, but not the least among them is that it has been the means of at last making some adequate provision for dealing with the spiritual needs of our Catholic officers and men,¹ in regard to which we cannot do better than quote the actual words of His Eminence Cardinal Bourne:²

All these negotiations have necessarily extended continuously over a long period, the Admiralty has approached the matter in a most courteous and sympathetic spirit, and I know that throughout the First Lord of the Admiralty has desired that the question should be treated in no ungenerous manner. All those who in past years have been called upon to consider the question of an adequate provision of chaplains for the fleet, know how delicate and difficult the matter is, both from the Naval and Ecclesiastical points of view; and the most eminent Catholic Naval officers have frequently avowed that they are unable to suggest an entirely satisfactory solution. We have reason, therefore, to be grateful that on the present occasion the Admiralty has approached the matter in a very considerate way, not hesitating to set aside some of the precedents which in the past have rendered a solution more difficult even than it is to-day.

The success of these arrangements must depend ultimately on the men availing themselves of every opportunity of approaching the Sacraments, both before they embark and when they are on the ships; and also on the alertness and zeal of every chaplain in making the fullest use of the faculties which he possesses of ministering to Catholic naval men.

During the war, the enormous influx of Catholics into the Navy—men who came straight from the practice of a normal Catholic life ashore, had an undoubtedly good effect on those with whom they came in contact, and whose religion had grown cold, or at least lukewarm. Whether any permanent benefit has been achieved or whether things will sink back to their pre-war conditions remains to be seen.

RICHARD F. ANSON, O.S.B.

¹ At the present moment there are some 16 "commissioned acting Roman Catholic chaplains" working in the Royal Navy: (2) Portsmouth, (1) Devonport, (1) Haslar, (1) Rosyth, (1) Chatham, (1) Malta, (1) Invergordon, (1) Bermuda, (1) 1st Battle Squadron, (1) 2nd Battle Squadron, (1) Battle Cruiser Squadron, (1) Mediterranean Squadron, (1) China Station.

Since August 2, 1918, all Roman Catholic and Nonconformist chaplains have been placed on the same footing as those of the Church of England in regard to commissions and pay.

² *Tablet*, March, 1916.

TWO CATHOLIC ROMANCES

WHETHER during the last six years Catholicism in English-speaking countries has gained strength numerically may be matter of opinion, but that in literary circles and in the world of thought its standing on the whole has improved hardly admits of doubt. Strange to say, the very prevalence of new and weird cults, like Theosophy and Spiritualism, seems to have added in profane eyes to the Church's respectability. Vaguely, but none the less unmistakably, even the uninitiated recognize that at least hers is the old and legitimate business. The mysticism of Theosophy, the intercourse with the world of ghosts which the Spiritualists have substituted for the Communion of Saints are obviously no more than new-fangled imitations of teaching which has been the backbone of all devotional life from the days of the Shepherd of Hermas to those of "the Little Flower," *Sœur Thérèse of Lisieux*. During well-nigh two thousand years the Church has been proclaiming that the age of miracles has not ceased, that natural laws like the law of gravitation may on occasion be suspended, that the organs and functions of a man's body may be controlled by some obsessing influence which is entirely alien to his own personality, that the spirit of a living man may manifest itself a hundred miles away from the material envelope to which his activities are normally confined—and now Spiritualism and Theosophy reaffirm these truths almost as if they were new discoveries. Can it be wondered at that thoughtful on-lookers begin to realize that the Church's teaching deserves to be taken more seriously than they have previously supposed?

Seeing that the day has long gone by since rationalistic literature was boycotted by the public and the Press, we have perhaps the more reason for welcoming the tardy dawn of an epoch when Catholic books may be admitted to the same open market and be judged upon their merits. At any rate, the fact seems clear that the story of a conversion to the Roman obedience no longer excites the prejudice which it would have awakened twenty years ago. It is a consoling sign to discover that publishers do not uniformly fight shy of works of fiction with a pronouncedly Catholic tendency. Not

a few such volumes get printed even in these days of scarce paper and enormously augmented wages, and two examples in point, which have recently been sent for review seem to claim something more than perfunctory recognition of this improved condition of affairs.

If we speak of the first of these as a romance, this is rather in deference to the wording of its title than to the nature of its contents. The book¹ is, in fact, an autobiography, and though the author, Mr. Michael Williams, in a very touching dedication to his wife—let us say, by the way, that the point and charm and reticence of that dedication will be appreciated at least a hundred per cent better if it be read *after* the perusal of the work itself—glances at an inside story which must be left untold, still the narrative as it stands is full both of incident and of psychological interest. The writer's father was a sailor who had worked his way from before the mast to the captaincy and ownership of a brigantine plying in the West Indian trade from Halifax, Nova Scotia. Though his mother was Welsh and his father apparently the son of a Welshman, the family were nominally Catholics, and the boy was for a short time a boarder in a Jesuit school at New Brunswick. But the merchant captain died, not without strange psychic experiences on the part of the widow, when Michael Williams was still very young. Poverty followed, and for some cause unexplained, the lad, so far as we can gather from the record before us, grew up in practical paganism, first at Halifax and afterwards in Boston. He seems always to have had a curious bent for pure literature, astonishing his teacher in an elementary school on one occasion by exhibiting an unexpected acquaintance with *Paradise Lost*. From this school he was torn prematurely to earn his living in a dry-goods warehouse, only to be exchanged, when the move to Boston took place, for "the filthy, rat-ridden, dank sub-cellar of a five-and-ten-cent store." The sordid side of the third-rate salesman's existence is described with a realism—though the comedy is lacking—not unworthy of H. G. Wells, but behind it all we are somehow made conscious of the yearnings of the artist striving, in spite of inadequate education, for literary expression, and clutching, with rare courage and persistence, at every forlorn hope of establishing himself as a writer. Some charm

¹ *The Book of the High Romance: A Spiritual Autobiography.* By Michael Williams. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1919.

or amiability of character, as well as an unmistakable touch of real talent, seems to have won him the interest of many friends influential in the world of journalism, beginning in the very early Nova Scotia days with an encouraging letter from Israel Zangwill. But the drawbacks were many. From adolescence onwards, Mr. Michael Williams, like R. L. Stevenson, lived under the menace of what he rather fancifully calls the "scarlet hieroglyphic," in other words, a constantly recurring hæmorrhage of tuberculous origin, and he in no way disguises the fact that this constitutional weakness was enormously augmented by alcoholic excesses at not infrequent intervals. As a consequence his work, whenever he was lucky enough to meet with some permanent literary engagement, had over and over again to be given up. On the other hand, the gipsy life which resulted and which led him in turns to the Carolinas and to Texas, to Mexico and to California, has certainly added immensely to the interest of his narrative. He was in San Francisco at the time of the great earthquake, and from a literary point of view, perhaps the most brilliant pages of this somewhat unequal medley of reminiscences are devoted to the description of what then occurred. The account begins thus:

I suppose it was nearly four o'clock when at last my excited brain ceased its working and sleep came.

And almost at once I came awake again—vaguely wondering what was the matter.

The big bed in which I lay was trying its best to imitate a bucking broncho and to throw me out of the window, toward which it was lurching. The air itself seemed to be pulling at me, with invisible fingers clutching from all directions at once, but unevenly; the plaster was falling in big chunks; and there was a vast crescendic roaring noise, incomprehensible; a vast sea of sound.

There was the commingling of the crash of falling walls, the tumbling of millions of bricks, the rending and cracking and splintering of wood, the shattering of window glass by the hundreds and thousands of sheets and panes, and myriads of other sounds. All these were based, as it were, on another unwordable sound, which was the roaring of the earthquake—the groaning of the very earth itself.

What a racket!

It was like—well it was like—let me see, now it was like—oh, heavens above, *I don't know what it was like!* Nobody knows. Fancy a billion big drays, loaded with iron rails passing along

over rough cobble stones, with the rails clangorously falling, and the windows of all the houses being shattered with the concussions, and then fancy—but, no, you can't! Neither can I. That noise is not to be conjured up by fancy—it can only be remembered.

Very interesting from another point of view, and also highly humorous and characteristic, is Mr. Williams' account of Helicon Hall, the "co-operative home colony," established by Upton Sinclair, the famous author of *The Jungle*. Here were congregated advanced thinkers, cranks and faddists, representing every conceivable eccentricity in the way of social or religious speculation. Upton Sinclair seems to have regarded Mr. Williams as a kindred spirit, and the two later on collaborated in a volume, *Good Health and how we found it*, and for a while projected other undertakings in common. But there was an element of wild extravagance in Sinclair's religious or anti-religious views, which even then could not have been very sympathetic to our author in the more serious and reverent phases of thought which inevitably recurred from time to time. Spiritualistic séances took place at Helicon Hall, séances the fame of which was so much bruited abroad that Professor William James, the psychologist of Harvard, came to assist at them. He, on the occasion of his visit, was unfortunate in obtaining no results, but Mr. Williams avers that at other times nearly the whole population of the colony "were assembled to watch a table frantically galloping about, with Upton Sinclair clinging to the top, his justly famous legs waving in the air." But the real interest of Helicon Hall lay in the inhabitants themselves.

Many of the colonists, of course, were writers of one type or another. They expressed their immortal souls, or their chemical reactions, in novels and plays, and poems, and speech; especially in speech.

Never since the episode of the Tower of Babel, I dare say, has there existed a place so saturated in language as Helicon Hall. Everybody there was more or less of the "advanced" or "radical" order of chemical make-up, or of soul development; and it is a scientific fact that this type is continually effervescing in monologue, sizzling in conversation, detonating in debate, fuming in argument, flashing in expressions of opinion, and exploding in many theories. . . . The partitions were of the thinnest between many of the rooms; and nearly every second room (to put it mildly) contained a temperamental person with

a pen or a typewriter and a message for the world—or else a definite job of literary work to be put out of hand as soon as possible. That flimsy house fairly throbbed with criss-cross currents of diverse temperaments and purposes; also with the shouts and yells of children, and, of course, with Talk, Talk, Talk.

Mr. Williams, in his description of Helicon Hall, has all unconsciously indicated a lacuna in Dante's *Inferno*. We might commend the idea for further elaboration to the spirit who presides over Mr. G. Vale Owen's automatist disclosures. The audience to whom he addresses them must be familiar with the conditions and would surely be impressed.

One thing which becomes abundantly clear to every reader who makes acquaintance with *The High Romance* is the fact that, during some twenty years or more, Mr. Williams had an almost unique experience in being brought into close quarters with every possible variety of modern freak religion. Every now and then he is led to pass a brief criticism on the shadows which flit across his pages, and often his verdicts are surprisingly just. It would be hard, for example, to exaggerate our agreement with the following remarks on Christian Science in a paragraph headed "The Temple of Vulgarity":

From most of these movements of the modern spirit as expressed in the mystical cults I gained nothing but disappointment. Christian Science, for instance, had no power to move me save to disgust. As a reporter, I was present in the famous Mother Church in Boston when it was opened. As one of the pilgrims to the room where the writing table of Mrs. Eddy is kept I stood in line for an hour or so while the bell rang at intervals and the room was emptied of visitors and filled again with others. At last I reached it; the sanctum sanctorum. One glance at that plush and crimson interior, that bourgeois dream of heavenly luxury and beauty, was enough for me. It revealed the soul of that stupid and hopelessly commonplace delusion which has gained such a strong hold upon the American public simply because soul-hunger and soul-thirst are universal, and affect even the most commonplace and ordinary and negative lives. There is not a spark of real art struck forth from the stupid, otiose cults of Christian Science and the "New Thought" movements in this country. They are appallingly banal. And that fact for me was condemnation enough. Unless a religion can call forth those great reactions of the soul which manifest in true poetry and painting and sculpture and architecture and drama, it surely is not a real religion.

The story of Mr. Williams' conversion to Catholicism forms the climax and conclusion of the book. From a literary point of view it is not perhaps quite so arresting as the varied experiences of which we read in its earlier pages, but to many a Catholic the account given of God's very remarkable dealings with this soul which had strayed so far and had been so battered and buffeted by the ups and downs of life, will bring an increase of faith and a much needed lesson of hope as well. Although numberless marvels have been attributed to the intercession of Sœur Thérèse, still in proportion as the soul exceeds the body in value, so this record transcends any recital of the merely temporal favours which the Little Flower has showered upon her clients. Even the miraculous element is not altogether lacking, and we are too much impressed with Mr. Williams' intelligence and experience of life to reject off-hand his story of the preternatural perfume of roses which marked his first visit to the Convent of Carmel. His thoughts at this date had for some time been drawn to higher views of man's destiny, although, as he tells us himself, "from my fourteenth to my thirtieth year I cannot recollect feeling any, even the slightest interest or concern in the Christian religion, or in any other. Art was the only thing that mattered: art and myself." Only after certain self-communings in the solitude of the wilderness did he begin to take an ever-growing interest in the manifestation of "the strangely powerful and singularly varied spirit of modern mysticism as it was displaying itself in America in the forms of Spiritism, New Thought, Christian Science, Mental Healing, Theosophy, Occult Science, etc., etc." Only after he had been brought half rebelliously to the conclusion that sin explained all that was evil in his life, and after he had striven to stifle the inner voice by "plunging into work, into reading, into dissipation," was he in the end brought by the friendly counsel of a Catholic bishop to read the Life of Sœur Thérèse, and to pay a visit to a Carmelite convent. To the very last he describes himself as kicking against the goad. At the moment when he sets out on his pilgrimage to Carmel he still argues against surrender:

As for me, of course, I *cannot* accept the formal authority and creeds and dogmas of any church; least of all this outworn Catholic Church, with its notorious tyranny over the mind and the soul. It locks up individual liberty with that boasted key

of Peter; it is a huge machine that may be suitable for the multitude, but not for thinkers or for artists.

His usual bad luck seemed to follow him to the convent door. The community were in retreat and no visitors could be admitted to the grille. Despairingly he wrote a short note to leave behind him, stating that he was a great sinner and begging for their prayers. While he still lingered aimlessly, an answer to his note was brought and he was told that after all an exception would be made. The Prioress listened to his story, informed him that the prayers would begin at once, and that they would storm Heaven in his behalf. Even as he left the convent, with a relic of Sœur Thérèse in his hand, a wondrous and inexplicable perfume manifested itself. Although faith had not yet come back, that night he wrote a letter of thanks with tears streaming from his eyes, and before long he had sought confession, had been reconciled, and had been admitted to the Sacrament of the Eucharist. All this occurred some seven years ago, but there has been no looking back, and Mr. Michael Williams is now the Assistant Director of one of the branches of the National Catholic Welfare Council, a great organization in the U.S.A. That he is right in ascribing this wonderful change of heart to the power of prayer we have no manner of doubt, and the conversion does not seem to have been the work of Sœur Thérèse and the nuns alone. As the writer says with the simple directness which characterizes all his book:

How and why did my Faith come back? . . . All I can answer is that the Carmelites, the Bishop and other friends had been praying for me. There was, in especial, dear Katie Lynch, who for years, I know, had prayed for me, as she did—and still, God bless her, she does—for all the men, "her boys" of the newspaper where she sits at the telephone exchange. Shall I ever forget the joy in Katie's face when I stopped at her switchboard, one day, and whispered that I was being received into the Church? And Katie was in the little Carmelite church, next morning, to be sure, and said a prayer for me. It was Katie, and the likes of her, who taught me where true religion is mostly to be found, and true mysticism—among the poor of God, the faithful souls, who live lives of goodness; the priests, and the nuns, and the men and women you may see in the grey, wan light of early morning, going to early Mass.

As will be seen, Mr. Michael Williams in his *High*

Romance has given us a chronicle of sober facts, a tragedy in all essentials, but a tragedy with a happy ending. On the other hand, the book we propose to bracket with it is of a very different class;¹ it is a work of fiction, a very dainty piece of comedy, though by no means deficient in its recognition of life's more serious issues. Perhaps what most impresses us at the outset in this first novel of an unknown writer is its exceptionally skilful construction. There is no suggestion of the prentice hand either in the plot, or in the dialogue, or in the writer's outlook upon her world. Miss Olga Hartley describes contemporary manners, but describes them without any affectation either of uncanny knowledge or of unnatural ignorance. An admirable restraint characterizes the book from first to last, and it is a restraint which is suggestive of great reserves of power. We look forward with confidence to having many future novels from Miss Hartley not inferior to this.

We do not propose to tell here, even in outline, the story which the author recounts so skilfully. "Anne" is, of course, the name of the heroine, and it is her wilful, proud, undisciplined, but yet very lovable character, which originates all the complications that give the book its interest. As a psychological study, Anne seems to us a thoroughly natural and real personage. The key of the situation created by Anne's premature marriage at the age of 17, is indicated by a few words interchanged, after the wedding, between Francesca, the bridegroom's sister, and John Halliday, the bride's guardian, who is at the same time her secret and unselfish lover. Says Francesca:

"Let's come home to tea! Is there anything more utterly flat than a wedding that's over? It is worse than a funeral—at least it is decent to cry then."

He stared at her oddly and said:

"The worst of a wedding is that it isn't the end of anything, it's only the beginning."

"The beginning of great happiness let's hope," she said wistfully.

"That's because you're a nice woman," replied John. "Nice women are always so beastly optimistic, and it's the deuce."

"Oh come, don't decry hope. Think of dear little Anne's face and how happy she looked. Isn't happiness made out of hope mostly?"

¹ *Anne*. A Novel. By Olga Hartley. London: Heinemann. 1920.

"Anne isn't a nice woman yet," said John. "She's only a little girl, and a naughty little girl."

"They're both awfully fond of each other," persisted Francesca cheerfully. "That's everything."

"They're both awfully fond of getting their own way," muttered John.

Gilbert, Anne's husband, is more lightly and less convincingly portrayed, but in John Halliday, the other principal male character, the author sets before us a very splendid type, and it is he whose conversion to Catholicism brings about a dramatic situation of great power and pathos, by which the estranged wife and husband are eventually reconciled after a quarrel which threatened to shipwreck both their lives. Miss Hartley is naturally no friend of divorce, and she contrives to find occasion for some extremely telling comments on this topic, which will be read with interest in the present crisis of public feeling. Anne, in one of her desperate moods, comes to the conclusion that she ought to sue for a divorce, and consults a barrister friend on the situation. He puts the matter before her thus:

We start upon the supposition that you've discovered that your marriage was a mistake, and that the discovery has destroyed your happiness. That is a tragedy, and you are sensitive, capable of suffering. I hoped life would deal very gently with you. Apparently it isn't doing so. But you've courage, you're not afraid to face things, and courage is given us not only to face things but to go through with them. If you've made a mistake, mistakes have to be paid for. Somebody has to pay. It is honest to pay for one's mistakes oneself, otherwise someone else has to. That is elementary science and morality, but it is surprising how few people recognise it as an inevitable law. Nowadays society devotes much of its intellect and energy into trying to make the elementary virtues superfluous. Luckily we can't do it. But we've invented the Divorce Court. People who've given drafts on life they're not prepared to honour are provided with a way out. They can cut their loss, go through the matrimonial bankruptcy court. Part of the penalty is shifted on to the children's shoulders. The child pays part of the price for the parents' mistake. He is deprived either of part of his rightful inheritance, pride in his father's name, or given a lower ideal of virtue and conduct than happier children.

It would not be easy to put the case against Divorce either more concisely or in more telling language.

Even one such illustration as this should be sufficient to correct any impression that we have nothing more before us than a well-told story meant to while away an idle hour. It is plain that Miss Hartley has ideas, and also the power of expressing them. While refraining from anything which would be felt to be propagandist or tendential, she allows her characters to express views which bear the hall-mark both of experience and reflection. There is freshness as well as point in the brief account given by John Halliday of the reasoning which made him a Catholic. Questioned by Anne regarding his change of faith, he explained how he had come to see that—

"Truth can't be a matter of wisdom and learning and esoteric knowledge, it must be there like the fresh air and the stars overhead, just as much for children as for tired old philosophers—otherwise it wouldn't be fair. That made everything simpler."

"In what way?"

"Straightens things out. The choice really lies between the simple belief in Christianity with all its intellectual mysteries and difficulties accepted by faith, or a woolly-minded sort of theism without a creed at all—a hybrid between materialism and spiritualism."

"I don't know what I believe. It is rather comfortable to have an elastic faith without any dogma to bother one's brain."

"Comfortable perhaps, but is it comforting? It seems to me that a faith without dogma is like a human being without a skeleton—might be quite handsome to look at, and quite kind and amiable, but it would be a bit flabby when you came to request it to do a day's work. After all a creed, like everything else in the world, has presumably got to *work*."

A somewhat original view expressed by the same speaker would not perhaps command the assent of all Miss Hartley's Catholic readers. Still it is arresting in these days of spiritualism, if only for its novelty.

"What do you mean?"

"I think I mean that the real cleavage between Catholicism and every other creed is over the faith in the resurrection of the *body*. The immortality of the soul, or spirit, yes! they'll all, or nearly all, believe so far: but the immortality of the body—that is where their faith stops. Now mine doesn't. I believe that when I reach Heaven and meet you, it will be all of you, all that I love in you. A ghost of you, a misty wraith of your mind, and your mental and moral qualities, and your opinions and ideas, wouldn't do at all."

It is to be hoped that no one will carry away the impression that Miss Hartley's novel is made up of philosophical or religious disquisitions, or that the author writes herself down a blue stocking or a *précieuse*. The whole substance of her brightly told story would rise in protest against such a misconception. For example, in no modern writer, except perhaps in William de Morgan, of whom Miss Hartley sometimes reminds us, will a more charming presentment be found of children and their baby talk. And the author is a keen and sympathetic observer, not only of children, but of the vegetable world and of animals. Could anything be happier than this casual bit of description?

A collie, released from ill-defined duties in the yard, followed him at a distance, in the detached, determined yet deprecating way uninvited dogs endeavour to divert attention from their own firm intention of inflicting their company upon unsociable pedestrians.

If we have called attention to the more serious passages quoted above, it is because they form a rather remarkable illustration of the wider tolerance which allows such views to be printed at all in these days when publishers are so loath to take risks, and secondly, as fresh evidence, if more were needed, that the type of mind to which the claims of the Catholic Church make appeal is by no means always to be rated as commonplace or narrow of outlook.

HERBERT THURSTON.

SOME ECCLESIASTICAL ENGLISH DOUBLETS

BEAUTY resides in "unity amid variety"; and, primarily, reciprocal Doublets owe their picturesque charm to their being *collateral standard forms of the same original word*. Thus *trump* is a by-form of *triumph*, *scrimmage* of *skirmish*, *palsy* of *paralysis*; and it is easy to see that doublets not only embellish the vocabulary but give strength and suppleness to speech, besides extending the range, and intensifying the precision, of thought itself. In support of this claim, however, it is well to have an expert witness:

It has frequently been pointed out [wrote Professor Max Müller] that this double existence of the same word (warden and guardian, etc.,) has added much to the strength and variety of English. Slight shades of meaning can thus be kept distinct, which in other languages must be allowed to run together. The English *fresh*, A.S. *fersc*, *frisky*, and *brisk*, all come, according to Grimm, from the same source. Yet there is a great difference between a brisk horse, a frisky horse, and a fresh horse—a difference which it would be difficult to express in any other language. It is a cause of weakness in language if many ideas have to be expressed by the same word, and *fresh* . . . though relieved by *brisk*, and *frisky*, embraces still a great variety of conceptions. We hear of a fresh breeze, of fresh water (opposed to stagnant), of fresh butter, of fresh news, of a fresh hand, a freshman, of freshness of body and mind; and such a variation as a brisk fire, a brisk debate, is all the more welcome. *Fresh* . . . under a thoroughly foreign form "is likewise found" in English as *fresco*, in *fresco* paintings, so called because the paint was applied to the walls whilst the plaster was still damp.¹

In this passage, it is a wider type of doublets which Max Müller had in mind; but his contention is true, *à fortiori*, of the kind to which, we venture to think, the term should more properly be restricted. Throughout this paper, we shall abide by that restriction, so that mutual doublets may here be reckoned: (1) Forms that are, or have been, simultaneously current in standard English, (2) both (or whichever two of them we choose to take) being derived from the same

¹ *Lectures on the Science of Language* (New Impression, 1899), Vol. II., pp. 335, 336.

actual word, or one of the two from the other, as from a sole original. It is eminently such correlations that enrich a language.

Any Englishman, however, who is proud of the beauty and resourcefulness of his mother-tongue, should have some feeling of gratitude for those who in a conspicuous degree have enriched it; and there is a large class of doublets which unmistakably reveal the clerical agency whereby they have been introduced or popularized. Next to the legal designation of "Clerk in Holy Orders," the adjective *clerical* itself, owing to its twofold usage, is the best reminder of a time when almost the only clerks, *i.e.*, scholars, were clerics. That this monopoly was broken down primarily by their own exertion is apt to be sometimes ignored—though nowadays, indeed, they are less likely to be accused of having kept learning to themselves than to be taunted with failing, even in domains of scholarship not utterly secular, to keep abreast of the "secularists." Many a man, said Cardinal Newman, who now talks bravely against the Church, forgets that he owes it to the Church that he can talk at all. If Anglo-Norman churchmen brought *clerc* into this country, they carried coals to Newcastle, the word having already assumed that form in Anglo-Saxon. Clerks of whichever nation would have been the most likely persons to speak of a *desk*; the by-form *dish* is known to have been imported by the missionary band of St. Augustine. With the contraction of his name into *Austin*, compare that of *Benedict* into *Bennet*. *Audrey*, as everyone knows, is a corruption of *Etheldreda*; of the bright-coloured "Sain-*t Audrey*" ribbons, nevertheless, which used to be worn upon the Saint's festival, the memory has grown dim, though the word enshrining it is—*tawdry*!

"Latin elements," wrote Professor Max Müller, "flowed into England at four distinct periods and through four distinct channels. First, through the Roman legions and Roman colonists. . . . Secondly, through the Christian missionaries and priests, from the time of St. Augustine's landing in 597 to the time of Alfred"—*priest* itself (A.S. *preost*) being the best that early English mouths could do for *presbyter* which also at a later period shrank, in another fashion, into *prester*. *Decanus* among the Saxons became *dean*, but in later times recovered something of its proper form as *deacon*. *Anthem* (A.S. *anteþn*) is for *antiphon*. *Kyriake*, Greek for

¹ Max Müller, *op. cit.* p. 338.

the "house of the Lord (*Kyrios*)" became our *church*—*Kirk* being the Anglo-Danish reproduction of it. Latin *uncia*, which has branched off into *ounce* and *inch*, though not of ecclesiastical significance, appears to have been imported by clerics. *Butter* and *pepper* are two more such words, introduced by St. Augustine's missionaries. A third channel through which Latin words come to us was "the Norman nobility and Norman ecclesiastics and lawyers, who, from the days of Edward the Confessor, brought" them to England, "either in their classical or in their vulgar and Romanised form."¹ Acknowledgment is made in the fourth place to "students of the classical literature of Rome, since the revival of learning to the present day. These repeated importations of Latin words account for the co-existence in English of such terms as *minster* and *monastery*. *Minster* found its way into English through the Christian missionaries . . . *Monastery* was the same word, as pronounced by later scholars, or clergymen, familiar with the Latin idiom."² These acknowledgments of the vocabular debt we owe to the Catholic priesthood are even more extensive than they seem, for some of the "Norman lawyers" would have been canonists and (as in later times were legalists of such repute as Bracton) ecclesiastics. Legal doublets are *proctor* for *procurator* and *serjeant* or *sergeant* for *servant* (Latin participle, *serviens*). Moreover, amongst the "later scholars, or clergymen, familiar with the Latin idiom," there were not a few exemplary priests like Colet who showed that the old-time "clerkly" quality of scholarship had not forsaken them. It is true, indeed, that *benison* (= *benediction*, blessing), *malison* (= *malediction*) and probably other such words, had reached their last stage of phonetic decay when they first appeared in England; presumably, therefore, they had already passed into popular usage on the continent, in which case the Normans who introduced them to us need not have been clerics. It would be less misleading, however, to say that the clerics from whom we have ultimately drawn such words need not have been Normans. The debt will not be diminished by showing that sundry items of it bind us to the Frankish, or even the Celtic, and not to the Norman clergy; nor, indeed, would the total cancelling of such items greatly affect our contention. A sufficient number of unquestionable examples would remain to prove that a distinctively clerical type of English doublets exists on a fairly large scale; and (though

¹ *Op. cit.*² *Ibid.*

this is only a point of minor importance) that the Normans who introduced some of these forms would themselves have been specifically clerics. Unlike *benison* and *malison*, many words like *penance* are seen to have been mutilated since leaving Normandy. This does not prove that they did not form part of the popular Norman vocabulary: to this day, in French, no verbal shrinkage is found corresponding to that whereby, in this land, *penitence* became *penance* and *prédicateur* (or something very like it) *preacher*—to *preach* being to *predicate*, or “proclaim” (in the Gospel sense of Greek *kerússein*). Nope the less, it is pretty clear that in general, whilst Norman nobles brought with them terms of warfare, of chivalry, of court-usage, and of sport, Norman churchmen brought terms of religious and of quasi-religious import. The *sexton* began by being also the *sacristan*; and a parish priest was called the *parson* or *person* (cf. the sound of *e* in *Derby, Berks*)—not for the facile reason of his being the chief personage of the parish in spirituals, but because under a legal aspect he was the representative or impersonation (Latin *persona*, answering to Greek *prosopon*, and formerly applied, first to an actor’s mask, then to the actor himself), as Father Thurston showed some years ago in this Review, of the titular saint of the parish.¹ A *patron* saint not only was cherished by his clients as an especial intercessor, but was further proposed to them as a model, or *pattern*, of holy living; and in Ireland *pattern* may still be heard for *patron*. Curiously enough, on the other hand, *patron*, in parts of the Eastern counties, occasionally has the technical (industrially) sense of *pattern*;² but folk-etymology is not always thus happy, and sometimes it plays queer tricks with words in the interests of a fanciful derivation. From the notion, probably, of his being a doctrinal run-astray—one who rushed off on “his own gate” (way of *going*) from the beaten track of orthodoxy—the Spanish *renegado*, when he first appeared in English, was turned into a “*runagate*.”

Closely packed is the history of *blame* and of *slander*; the former of these words, and perhaps even the latter, may

¹ The word *parish* is derived from Greek *paroikia*, through French *paroisse*, whence of course *paroissier*, the name of the parish priest. In Latin, however, he is *parochus*, whence our *parochial*. Skeat regards *parochia* merely as another form of *paracia*; otherwise one would be tempted to suppose that two distinct etymologies had here got entangled—*parochus* pointing to Greek *párochos*, from the verb *parékhein* which has the meaning of Latin *præbere*. *Parochus* in that case would have meant, not of course a *prebendary*, but one who supplies ministrations. Cf. Liddell and Scott, under the adjective *πάροχος*.

² Skeat, *Etymological Dictionary*, s.v. *pattern*.

be assumed to have passed into secular speech before crossing the English Channel. Through old French *blasmer* and Latin *blasphemare*, the verb *blame* is tracked down to a Greek amalgam of the two words *blápsi-s* (=injury), or *bláp-to* '(=I injure)', and *phémi* (=I speak). From blame to blasphemy, the passage of thought is easily retraced by following the Synoptics:—"And they that passed by *blasphemed* Him" (St. Matt.)—"railed at Him" (St. Mark)—"saying . . . 'Save Thyself! Come down from the Cross!'" (St. Mark). It was with "the selfsame thing" (St. Matt.) that the impenitent thief "reproached Him" (Matt. and Mark), *i.e.* *blamed*, or, as St. Luke writes, "*blasphemed* Him, saying: 'If Thou be Christ, save Thyself and us.'"

Previously Christ had been blasphemed in the court of the high priest by being accused of Himself uttering blasphemy; earlier, He had been reviled with casting out devils by the power of Beelzebub.

Even if the blasphemous character of these reproaches be left out of sight, the slanderous element remains; and those who uttered them were doing what is in a very special sense the work of the *devil*—he being *the* "slanderer." *Devil* is a Saxon corruption, through the Latin, of Greek *diábolos*: *dia-ból-lein*, the verb with which this noun is immediately connected, means literally "hurl across," and thus answers fairly closely to Latin *traduce(re)*, which means "bring across." For the origin of this name we are referred in *The Catholic Encyclopædia* (*s.v. Devil*) to Apocalypse xii. 10. It could perhaps be said, nevertheless, that the primeval lie of Satan, none the less crafty for being constructive instead of explicit, consisted in maligning God to our first parents, by hinting that He was unwilling to give them the wisdom which would make them as gods. Something like an echo of this calumny may be heard when the Church is denounced as the enemy of science.

It is clear that *slander* uttered against God is in two ways a "stumbling-block" or *scandal*: (1) it is an im-ped-iment (*in.* against; *ped-*, the foot) in the path of those who would follow Christ, and (2) is therefore an obstacle to His divine mission. The first of these meanings—that of an obstruction likely to wreck religious faith, and therefore an occasion given of spiritual ruin—is the more strictly theological;¹ but it is under the second meaning that either *scandalum*, or else its O. French corruption *esclandre*, would more prob-

¹ See *The Catholic Encyclopædia*, *s.v. Scandal*; also Skeat's *Etymological Dictionary*.

ably have reached the notion of *slander*—any grievous calumny, unless the party maligned can disprove it or live it down, being likely to ruin his career. But whatever was the exact process of transition—and possibly word-experts themselves could only approximately locate the actual stages—examples like those to be drawn from the Gospel are the most luminous illustration of it. To profit more fully by such illumination, it is needful to examine the antecedents also of *scandal*—this word having probably sprung from a root SKAND (seen in Latin *scand*-ere, a[d]scend-ere; therefore also in Engl. *ascend*), and consequently having itself signified that which *springs* up, namely the spring of a trap. *Springe* is an older name for a trap; in Tennyson's *Harold*, the Conqueror exclaims, "I hold my Saxon woodcock in the springe"; and, in parts of East Anglia, snipe are probably still snared by "sprinking." But, before entering the Gospel, *skándalon* had already come to stand, conventionally, for anything that obstructed one's path; and throughout the Gospel itself, all the various shades of meaning borne by the term can (we fancy) be readily associated with the image of a stumbling-block. *Lapis offensionis* is a more impressive metaphor than the spring-trap, because (to mention only one possible reason) the symbolism of a great stone was divinely inspired, and, by His own usage, expressly consecrated, in application to Christ Himself. This was not solely because, as He had forewarned them, even the Apostles were "scandalized" in Him,—were, for the time being, dismayed and shaken in their loyalty, when they beheld the seeming ruin of Himself and of His projects,—but further because He was "set for the fall and for the resurrection of many in Israel." Those to whom He had delivered His message could not remain simply as if they had never heard it: "The stone which the builders rejected, the same is become the head of the corner. . . . And whosoever shall fall on this stone, shall be broken: but on whomsoever it shall fall, it will grind him to powder."¹

¹ "The corner stone is (1) the foundation stone (1 Cor. iii. 11); (2) a stone jutting out, a rock of offence (v. 44; 1 Pet. ii. 8; Luke ii. 34); (3) a binding stone of two walls, Jew and Gentile (Eph. ii. 11–22).

"To fall on this stone is to be scandalized at Christ (xxvi. 31), to stumble and be shocked at the doctrine of His Cross (1 Cor. i. 23), and so not to believe in Him (John vi. 61, 62, 67; Matt. xviii. 3). The stone *shall fall* on the unbeliever and sinner when Christ comes upon them in judgment. The *fallen* may be raised, the *broken* healed; but there is no remedy for one ground to powder." *Scripture Manuals for Catholic Schools*, St. Matthew, Notes (on verses 47, 44) on p. 175. Other references there indicated are Mark xii. 1–9; Luke xx. 9–16; Ps. cxviii. 22; Acts iv. 11; and 1 Pet. ii. 7.

Sermons, indeed, *in stones*! In another context, though one again of more than Shakespearian significance, the phrase recurs at sight of those cathedrals and churches in which, mournfully though proudly, Catholics of this land recognize the heritage that has been reft from them. But from the inheritance of his mother-tongue, no Englishman is ousted; and, in more than the truistic sense of the phrase, there are *sermons*, likewise, *in words*. To an older though unwritten Book of Homilies—of one-worded Catholic sermons—doublets have contributed not ungenerously, even though it is not always each of the correlatives that yields a discourse. *Natal* could scarcely approve itself as homiletic; but there is a Christmas *ferverino* in *Noël*. At other times, the correlation may be pondered as a whole, in order to see how different ethical or religious concepts have, under a corresponding difference of external symbols, grown up out of *the same original word*; and, even for the more intelligent understanding of our own speech, it would be well worth testing links of meaning that sometimes may seem to be strained, as when, *e.g.*, certain old women of either sex are called *scandal-mongers*. The main facts of word-history that have here been set down are, or should be, familiar, of course, to the word-student; their chief significance, however, is not etymological, and those to whom, especially, the ecclesiastic type of doublet should be a cherished heirloom are not always etymologists. Such be the excuse for having here dwelt, rather insistently, on some of those words which, not all of them homiletic, are nevertheless, in total assemblage, a memorial of men who do not deserve to be lightly forgotten. Even if appraised by the standard of mere citizenship, these men are seen to have exerted an influence, humane and humanizing, upon the life of the English people; it is paltry, but just, to add that incidentally they sometimes contributed, in more ways than by direct literary workmanship, to the strength and splendour of the English tongue.

T. M. WATERTON.

THE MONK, SAINT MICHAEL, AND THE SCOUTS

THERE was only one ant-hill on the plateau of springy turf that lay in the heart of Northways, and Jimmy had taken his stand there with his feet well apart and his hands behind his back.

It was quite a small piece of the downs, not more than two hundreds yards square, with walls of steep thyme-covered hill-side. Wops has christened it "The Stadium."

The five Scouts found it a useful place, because the maddest war-dance that was ever ascribed to a Red Indian, could be enjoyed there for an hour on end without any fear that a farmer would look in to inquire, with rustic humour, where the pigs were being killed.

At present, Jimmy was giving a riding lesson. It was a perfect day, sunny, but swept with a sea wind that seems to blow through your body and wash your inside. That was Wops's description of it. Wops, Bug and Piggy sprawled on the southern wall of hill-side, looking at the white horses on the sea. They looked like white horses on the green waves of turf themselves; for they wore white sweaters, and would not keep still. Wops and Bug wore sweaters that had been cobbled to the last inch, because they objected to trouble their womenkind for new ones. Jimmy, Chief of the Patrol, never minded how old your things were as long as they were clean. His own sweater was transparent at the elbows and just in front, where he pulled it smooth when he was talking. Piggy's was gloriously new, for his mother had been invalided for a time, and had quieted her conscience by knitting for hours on end.

Dick's jersey lay on the grass, while Dick himself was tearing round and round the Stadium on an excitable young cob, borrowed from his father's stables. On horseback, he left Jimmy and Wops far behind, in more senses than one. He could ride without saddle or stirrup, and now, having discarded all garments except his shorts, he looked very much like the young Indian brave whom Jimmy held up as a model. His body was so sunburnt that undiscerning relatives would ask him if he had really scrubbed his neck. They need not

have worried. There had been a time when he had licked and promised and forgotten to keep his promise. But Jimmy had ended the matter with sandpaper and scorn.

Jimmy was now admiring Dick's riding with all his heart. He scowled slightly so as to hide the trend of his thoughts from Dick, whose besetting sin was childish vain-glory.

"Let yourself go with Jacob more at the turn!" he directed. "You're too rigid. Hm! Better! Get off and give Piggy a turn."

Dick leaped off with the prescribed rubrics, and Jacob made use of the moment to bolt mouthfuls of grass. He was rather a rake, and preferred eating wild oats on Northways to abiding lawfully in his cool stable.

Piggy, bred and born in the stables, was as at home on Jacob's slippery back as on the cobbles of his mother's backyard. A year ago, he had made friends with a gentleman in the circus profession, professionally known as "Tumbling Toby," from whom he had learned many things. He had gone so far as to organize an impromptu entertainment of his own last spring when times were hard. There had been a butcher's pony waiting at the cross-roads just outside Mary Water, and the usual Saturday morning crowd. But it had ended with a little trouble with the police, owing to the pony's walking backwards into the draper's shop. But this is all by the way.

Bug was not allowed to ride. He had turned faint once, and Jacob had galloped half way to Lynne before he was stopped, and Bug lifted into safety. So he lay on his tummy, and watched and applauded. There was no envy in his eyes, though sometimes, he *did* wish . . .

Wops hardly rode as well as Piggy. He was too fidgety. On the other hand, he rode more artistically, for he could ride in any attitude, and play any part. His imitation of the grocer riding to hounds was superb,—only rivalled by his "rendering" of the Lady Augusta Heddlethwaite trotting down hill with a loose saddle on a mare that wouldn't let the groom touch her. This time, he elected to be a cavalry officer under heavy rifle fire, Dick and Piggy obliging as the enemy. But Jacob turned nasty when it came to his rider's hanging head downwards round his neck and sliding underneath him by turns, and he bit a good mouthful of Wops's hair.

He was promptly banished to a far corner of the Stadium,

banished and left in disgrace. Wops's sore scalp was anointed with sea-water, and Jimmy gave a lesson in "Putting the Weight."

It is a thousand chances to one that anyone will come to the Stadium in the course of a morning, but that morning, the thousandth chance happened. The boys were watched from the sheep-path above by a very interested man. To the onlooker, the Stadium seemed bathed in a kind of liquid sunlight. I can quite imagine it looked as improbable as the giraffe looked to the old lady at the Zoo. The golden atmosphere filling this strange enclosure of the hills, where figures resembling those of young Indians played a strange game . . . was unlikely. The man on the sheep-path felt extremely like Rip Van Winkle must have felt when he suddenly came upon the dwarfs playing bowls in the Dutch hills.

Jimmy stood in the centre of the Stadium with the weight poised on his hand, and every muscle in his shoulder quivering. Then with an effort of his whole body, he flung the stone across the turf.

"Rotten!" he said. "I'll have another shot, and then it's Dick's turn."

The next shot was better, but not wholly satisfactory. He begged the turn from Dick, and tried again, but with no result.

"Excuse me," said a voice behind him. "You use the wrong muscles. May I show you?"

Jimmy looked up in amazement. Behind him stood the sort of monk you meet with in history books and Robin Hood tales,—a real, black-habited Benedictine.

He and the others clicked to the salute, and with difficulty Jimmy found his tongue.

"That's . . . that's awfully kind of you, sir!" he stammered. To the best of his belief monks were extinct. He had a vague idea that Henry VIII. had taken a dislike to them, and had had them killed off.

Bug placidly stepped into the breach.

"Awfully kind of you, Father!" he repeated, with a correction which came as a life-belt to Jimmy, who was quick to take the hint. He might have known that Bug would know how to deal with a situation like this. If Bug had met Henry VIII. himself, he would have known exactly which good lady to inquire after.

"You see," went on the Relic of past ages, "I used to

practise this game a good deal at Oxford." (Here was something interesting. The Relic was a Varsity man.)

Piggy wondered how anybody could do anything in that amazing dressing-gown, and why anyone was fool enough to wear it. Was it possible that the man was going to a dressing-up ball, such as they had at the House?

"First of all," said the Relic, smiling at them, "I suppose you wonder who on earth I am? Well, my name is Anthony, and I have just come to live at the back of Lynne with my fifty-five brothers." He really was astonishingly young, and his teeth were so white, and he wrinkled up his eyes when he laughed.

"I know what you are, Father!" said Bug, who was taking the lead in the conversation in a way he had never done before. "You're a Benedictine. Won't you sit down? This is our Patrol-Leader, . . ."

So Dom Anthony sat on the grass and was introduced to Jimmy Dixon, whose pater was the M.F.H., and Dick Armitage, whose pater was the Squire; to Bug, who possessed a pater but no surname; Wops, who had a surname but apparently no pater; and to Piggy, who had neither pater nor surname.

"You know that large stone heap known as Lynne Abbey, I suppose?" asked the monk in his turn. "Well, it used to be the same sort of abbey as Westminster before bluff King Hal, of lamented memory, thought it would amuse him to put a stop to it. Lord Raynham has just bought it, and given it to me and my brothers. At the moment, we are clearing up the mess that King Hal made a few hundred years ago, and living in tin shanties."

"It'll be ripping having an Abbey near us," said Bug. He seemed extraordinarily awake to-day.

"Catholic?" asked the monk quickly.

"Yes," replied Bug. "And Dick too."

"Splendid." Dom Anthony looked as though he didn't mind the others not being Catholics in the least. "Church of England? Well, so was I once. I hope you'll come over and see Father Abbot and give the brothers a hand with the building. We are doing all the work ourselves."

He described how the gardens had to be planned, and the old outlines of the Abbey guessed and measured; how they had found the old cemetery where the monks lay buried, and how Father Ruffino was making exquisite windows of stained

glass. The boys sat and listened, entranced. Nothing ever interested a boy more than hearing of building and making and discovering. But this man who called himself "Anthony" and was a monk, seemed like a being from another world.

Piggy sat with open mouth and his thumbnail in it, which was his attitude of abstraction. Jimmy, slightly flushed, listened across his armful of knees. Wops spoke no word, and appeared lost to the world, his eyes fixed on Dom Anthony's face. Dick was plainly nervous, and only Bug was really at home. The monk described the other Abbey in the north which they had left, and how his brothers there were carving and founding bells and helping all they could. He discussed with Jimmy the soil of the neighbourhood, and even made a note of something about an old well.

"But we've forgotten about the game!" he said, suddenly. He got up, rolled up one of his amazing sleeves, lifted the stone, poised it, and sent it spinning to the other end of the Stadium with a beautiful movement.

"Good!" he said to himself. "I thought I'd be more rusty." Jimmy liked him for that. Most grown-ups would have been ashamed to praise themselves.

He coached them carefully, one by one, all except Bug.

"No," he said, as if he was almost glad, "the good God didn't make you to put the weight." He fingered Bug's arm where the muscles ought to have been with strong, brown fingers. "I think he made you exactly the right size to help Dom Edmund build the organ. Dom Edmund has been trying all of us in turn, but he couldn't find one small enough to do the very fine parts. He tried me, but I believe I was the most troublesome of all."

With a sweep of his arm, the monk put Bug on one of the grass walls of the Stadium, so that he seemed to be a most important person, as he looked down at the others. There he sat with red cheeks, feeling the new, beautiful pride of being the one and only person who could do a very special job.

Dom Anthony sat down on the grass again, and folded his hands in his sleeves, as much as to say that he was enjoying himself very much, and meant to go on enjoying himself some more. The boys felt that he was a very satisfactory kind of visitor.

"The church itself is still intact, you know," he went on, "because bluff King Hal's friends used it as a barn, which

was exceedingly thoughtful of them. Of course they smashed the windows, which would be priceless now, only unfortunately King Hal's friends only left us one small blue pane of one of them. But we've planned to make them almost as beautiful as ever they were. You'll like them, I think—a good deal. The chapel is dedicated to St. Michael, so of course we're making the windows tremendously warlike,—all scarlet and steel-blue. The big East window is awfully fine, simply a huge battle, and St. Michael."

"Please, Father, who's St. Michael?" Wops felt he had got out the "Father" really rather well.

"Bless my soul!" ejaculated the monk. "Do you mean to tell me you don't know St. Michael?"

"I do," Bug put in so eagerly that he nearly fell off the bank. "And Dick ought to; but could you tell us everything about him?"

"Could I?" echoed Dom Anthony. "I must. It would be on my conscience for years if I left you in such a state of appalling ignorance! Goodness me, and they call this enlightened England!"

The boys looked at him with round, ashamed eyes, until to their relief he gave a great shout of laughter at the sight of their tragic faces.

"Never believe anything I tell you," he said, seriously. "Except sometimes, one of which is now." After which remarkable utterance, he began the story of the greatest Warrior but One.

The monk possessed that gift of the gods—the gift of telling a story, and he wrapped the Patrol in his enchantment. Jimmy, who began to listen as a grown-up cousin listens to a nursery story, came very soon to the point when he believed it so completely, that he muddled St. Michael with Dom Anthony himself.

Wops and Bug, both lost to the things of this world, went wandering over the celestial battlefields, watching St. Michael cast down to hell the devil and all his angels, who wander through the world to the ruin of souls.

To Piggy, it seemed the most wonderful story he had ever heard. He made up his mind to join the Temperance Society and to go to Sunday School, since in that way one's eternal destiny was assured, and because St. Michael was certainly to be met with in the streets of the New Jerusalem.

Even to Dick, who had little love for stories, it came as a challenge—daring him not to be interested, and it won.

The sea thundered on the beach below, throwing into the air a blinding brilliance of sunlit spray. The wind struck with the broadside smack of a sword on the boys' necks, where the throats of their sweaters were undone. And the battle of St. Michael and all Angels seemed to be fought on Northways before their eyes.

But at last the tale was told, and Dom Anthony lugged an old Waterbury out of the recesses of his habit.

"I must go," he said ruefully, "I really must, or Father Abbot will frown at me, and Brother Nicholas will call me names in Russian, and that is so annoying because I don't understand, and so I can't answer back."

The boys walked back with him, and would have gone all the way to Lynne, only Jacob couldn't be taken through narrow lanes and over stiles. So at the beginning of Lynne Lane, Dom Anthony took his leave.

"Good-bye!" he said. "I shall expect you at the Abbey any day now." His smile lit up his face in a kind of glory, and he made a curious little gesture with his right hand as he went his way.

"Jimmy!" said Wops, with awe in his voice, "what did he do then?"

"Blessed us," Bug answered; and as he spoke, Wops felt Jacob bend his proud head over his shoulder, and it seemed to him that Jacob had understood.

C. R. HALLACK.

COME AND SEE

“**M**ASTER, where dwellest Thou ? ” they asked of Thee—
These two disciples, love-lorn 'neath Thy gaze,
Who sought Thy dwelling in the common ways.
The Gospel gives the answer : “ Come and see.”
But tells not of the kindling in Thine eye
Which men had called a twinkle in their own :
Methinks the angels shared the jest alone
When softly Thou responded, “ Come and see,”
And John and Andrew spent the day with Thee.

So forth Thou lead'st them o'er the unmeasured mile,
Telling them of the Kingdom and the King,
Whilst every step, thought they, should nearer bring
The sacred portal of Thy domicile
Which pictured they a wattle-hut, maybe—
Some reed-thatched shelter, knowing not Thy words,
For that had made Thee rich e'en as the birds—
One as the sparrow holding property !
Or else some cave that shrined Thy bed and board,
Thy cup and platter, hollowed in the rocks ;
But that had made Thee landlord like the fox !
Nor hermit's hut nor cell 'twas theirs to see
When John and Andrew spent the day with Thee.

And there at hunger-time with Thee they dined
On bread and honey, eaten in the sun,
Begged from the passing caravan of one
Who broke the Law, perchance, but loved his kind.

And as Thou led'st them, one on either side,
Boon comrades listening to a voice between,
John loved the Father whom he had not seen,
And Andrew for a cross unknowing cried.
Until their minds fast dwelling on Thy word,
Or prisoned in Thy silences, sought not
The object of their questing but forgot
All that the eye hath seen or ear hath heard.

And so Thou lured'st them o'er the hill-sides bare
Along a pathway whose enchanted trend
Back at the place of starting found its end ;
And at the sweet tenth hour they left Thee there
To seek again the solitude. Maybe
Thy backward gaze fell wistfully on one
Who stole Thy heart's love ere the day was done,
That Festa of Thy dear Humanity
When John and Andrew spent the day with Thee.

And for a while their gaze on Thee they fixed.
Then Andrew turned (methinks) and found a John
That never yet his soul had looked upon,
Grown wondrous near since One had come betwixt.
And John on Andrew looked, and there descried
His spirit's new-made kinsman in the friend
Who shared the secret of the day—who kened
With him the joy of walking at Thy side.
('Twas sealed, their friendship with a " Follow Me ")
When John and Andrew spent the day with Thee.)

And so they walked in silence for a space,
Or whispered of His words with hearts aglow,
Till of a sudden Andrew cried " But, lo !
Did He not bid us see His dwelling-place
When forth He led us ? Say, did He not mean
That we His habitation so might ken,
Else wherefore quoth He, ' Come and see ' ? " And then
John, looking up, made answer, " We have seen."

But when he wrote the story of the road
That led to nowhere—of the bootless quest,
He kept the secret of the Heavenly jest
And simply wrote, " they saw where He abode."

And many come to-day, but fewer see.
With seeking hearts they follow Thee on earth
But have not caught Thine eye to share Thy mirth.
Dear Lord, be ours that Heavenly jest when we
With John and Andrew spend the day with Thee.

ENID DINNIS.

MISCELLANEA

I. CRITICAL AND HISTORICAL NOTES

ARCHDEACON CHARLES ON DIVORCE.

ON Sunday, June 20th, Archdeacon Charles preached a sermon on Divorce in Westminster Abbey. In it he took a view which in some respects, but not in all, agreed with that of Lord Buckmaster's Bill, which passed its third reading in the House of Lords on June 22nd. This Bill proposes, as we pointed out in our June number, to facilitate the procedure in the Divorce Courts in several ways, but also to extend the scope of the present Act by including five other cases besides that of adultery. The Archdeacon sympathizes with it in its endeavour to facilitate procedure, but opposes its attempt to extend the scope of the present law by including cases other than adultery, no reference to which is made in the pertinent Gospel passages. This has to be borne in mind in estimating the Archbishop of Canterbury's reference, in his House of Lords' speech on Tuesday (the 22nd), to Archdeacon Charles's sermon. We are sorry that the Archbishop should have approved of Dr. Charles's reasoning, but, as he did approve of it, it was to be expected that he should say "No" to the suggestion made in the debate that he held the permissibility of divorce and subsequent marriage in the case of those convicted of the other new offences, apart from that of adultery in their previous marriages.

We said sufficient in our June note on the general subject of the New Testament pronouncements about divorce, and if we now add a word or two of comment on the Archdeacon's sermon, it is only because he has a well-merited authority on Scripture subjects, and the non-Catholic public, after its way, is ready, therefore, to accept what he says in blind fashion, instead of criticizing it independently, which is the only rational thing to do, when a particular writer can claim only human authority. As for ourselves, though we would set a high value on the Archdeacon's scholarship, we feel that in this instance his reasoning is very deficient in solidity.

His point is that the precept of stoning to death an unfaithful wife and her paramour (Deut. xxii. 22) was con-

sistently followed up to A.D. 30 (when it was abrogated, probably at the bidding of the Roman overlordship) and was even formally sanctioned by our Lord, as he unwarrantably infers from John viii. ; it could not therefore have been specially referred to in the dialogue between our Lord and the Pharisees, which must have presupposed that the wife in such a case was already dead or about to be executed, and as such could offer no obstacle to a re-marriage, which therefore was an eventuality which did not need to be referred to by our Lord, and is not, in fact, referred to in the Gospels of St. Mark and St. Luke. St. Matthew, however, wrote later, according to Dr. Charles, than St. Mark or St. Luke, and meanwhile the law of stoning adulterous wives had been abrogated. As this had the effect of making St. Mark prohibit the re-marriage of the still-living adulteress, St. Matthew, to guard from misconception future ages which were ignorant of these historical changes, was at the pains to insert a fuller account of our Lord's words, and thereby to show that our Lord had forbidden the re-marriage of the adulteress, but not that of the innocent party.

But surely this theory does not hang well together. Whatever is to be said of the suggestion that A.D. 30 marked a change of practice so decisive that before then unfaithful wives were invariably put to death by stoning, but after that date never, the text of the three Gospels does not seem to consist with it, for our Lord's ministry closed about A.D. 28, according to the most reliable estimates, and hence his precept about divorce, if it were reported with anything like fidelity, referred to the times when the penalty of stoning was still in use according to this supposition. Yet St. Mark, St. Luke, and likewise St. Matthew, evidently presuppose that the adulterous wife might be still living and requiring to be dealt with in consequence of her crime. On the other hand, even if we suppose that Mark was written before Matthew, though there is no evidence for this of any value, it is still improbable that Mark's and Luke's text were sent to Matthew that he might correct in his own Gospel what appeared to him incorrect in theirs.

Nor again can we omit to notice that Dr. Charles passes over altogether the strong argument which we included in our last month's paper, the argument drawn from the disciples' exclamation, "If the case of a man be so with his wife, it is not good to marry!" Apparently the Archdeacon

thinks it sufficiently saved by interpreting our Lord's prescription for New Testament times as excluding divorce in all other cases save adultery. But it is not credible that they found even this restriction intolerable. Besides, if that was all He meant, there was no question of His bringing back the marriage law to the absoluteness of its original form, "What God hath joined together let no man put asunder."

Lastly, the Archdeacon, in his sermon, complains that "it is now being taught in many circles that marriage is wholly indissoluble," just as if it were a novel idea which had only just entered into the head of a few infatuated persons. At least he should have known that it found formal and solemn declaration in Sess. xxiv. can. 5 and 7, of the Council of Trent, that is in 1562, and even in the Instruction drawn up by St. Thomas of Aquin in the thirteenth century, and adopted by the Council of Florence. This means that it was at least the teaching of the whole English Church before the Reformation, indeed, could be traced back to a much earlier period, belonging to the very beginning of the Church's tradition.

Still, now this monstrous Bill has already passed the House of Lords, and is likely to pass the House of Commons, it seems probable that the nation will have to submit to it, scandalous as it is, and in direct violation of the law of Christ, and likely to bring down the curse of God on the country. May we hope, at least, that for the protection of those whose conjugal unions are in conformity with the law of Christ, they may be allowed to retain for themselves the exclusive designation of married men and women, while for these re-married *divorcés* and *divorcées*, who are likely to grow more and more numerous, the common designation may be that of "legalised bigamists"?

S. F. S.

THE HOLY CAPUCHIN OF FOGGIA.

A SHORT article which appeared in *The Daily Mail* for June 19th gives a curiously perverse account of the concourse of people who now make their way to Foggia, in Apulia, attracted by the renown of Father Pius Pietrelcina, the saintly Capuchin friar, whose stigmata have recently provoked a good deal of discussion in Italy and elsewhere. We call the writer's comments perverse on account of his strange misrepresentation of the attitude of the Roman authorities. If

they had openly encouraged the people in this tribute of veneration paid to a living man, the same type of critic would probably have been the first to denounce their action as a scandalous exploitation of popular credulity. The Church, of course, is always wrong. As it is, the *Daily Mail* correspondent lets us know that Rome is much perturbed—

Because extraordinary scenes are being witnessed in Foggia from day to day. The peasants refuse to confess to any but the young friar or to receive Communion from another's hand, and in consequence the rest of the monastery is idle, while long queues besiege the young Franciscan and gaze in wonder at the markings on his hands, sandalled feet, and head (*sic*).

And it is added that—

The Vatican is not enamoured of such "revivals," especially when they lead to a complaint from the head of the monastery that the ordinary life of the place is being interrupted; and so Monsignor Cheretti (*sic*) was sent over hill and dale for three days and nights in a motor-car to seek to calm the devout of Foggia, speaking in the name of Pope Benedict.

There seems, in this case, to be no doubt that Father Pius is a man of remarkable sanctity. He has sometimes spent as much as 18 hours at a stretch in the confessional. The people throng to him to seek his spiritual direction, just as in years gone by they used to journey from all parts of France to consult M. Vianney in the little village church of Ars. There are many stories, which seem to be well substantiated, of the miracles worked by his intercession, as also of frequent ecstasies, and in one or two instances, of bilocation. Further, there is no question that since September, 1918, he has borne upon his body the five wound-marks of our Saviour. The fact is particularly interesting because, as pointed out recently in certain articles in these pages,¹ the cases of complete stigmatization in male subjects are exceedingly rare. It may indeed be said that no perfectly satisfactory example has been known, except that of the seraphic Father, St. Francis, himself. But the Roman authorities, guided by the experience of many centuries, are wisely distrustful of abnormal favours of the psycho-physical order, in which hysteria and other pathological causes, or the action of evil spirits, or even fraudulent simulation, may at any time play a part. The Church never canonizes any of her children in their life-

¹ See THE MONTH, Sept. 1919, p. 255.

time, and even after death she does not accept such manifestations, however well-grounded may be the belief in their supernatural origin, as the sole or principal foundation for her favourable judgment.

The truth is that history supplies many sad examples of ecstasies and stigmatics, long held in high repute of sanctity, who have afterwards fallen away. The two sixteenth-century Spanish nuns, Magdalena de la Cruz and Maria de la Visitacion, whose pretended revelations and unusual gifts stirred the whole peninsula to its depths, may, no doubt, have been impostors from the outset, but also, quite as probably, were at first truly privileged servants of God, until the homage which was paid them sapped their virtue and filled them with conceit. In the chronicles of the Franciscan Order there is the extraordinary case of Friar Justin of Hungary (c. 1445), who had many ecstasies, and who on one occasion, in the presence of St. John Capistran and the whole community, as they sat in the refectory, was raised up in the air above their heads in a kneeling posture and floated to a picture of Our Lady, which hung high upon the wall. Nevertheless, shortly afterwards, yielding to spiritual pride, he left the Order and died miserably.¹ In this connection it seems worth while to call attention to the only other alleged case of complete stigmatization known to us in modern times. It is that of a youth who was then a Jesuit novice in the Sicilian Province. Strong measures were taken at the time by the General of the Jesuits and other superiors to protect the novice from the consequences of such publicity as had been given to the matter, but the individual in question, having long ago left the Order and being now completely lost sight of, there can be no harm in printing the following letter from the Rector of the English Jesuit College in Malta:

St. Ignatius' College, Malta.

Ap. 26, 1886.

Dear Father Provincial,

P.C.

The young scholastic novice whose eyes were cured in December last, is now all the talk of this island. He appears to have the stigmata. I went to see him yesterday and conversed with him for about two hours. I saw the five wounds. On Good Friday Dr. Schembri tells me that he and eleven other

¹ The whole story is recounted in detail by Wadding, *Annales*, 2nd edit., Vol. XI. p. 241.

medical men saw these wounds wide open and bleeding. The Father Provincial [of the Sicilian Province] told me that whenever he receives Holy Communion, blood flows copiously from his breast; he showed me three handkerchiefs quite saturated with blood; these handkerchiefs had been taken from his heart at the end of Mass. The bleeding began on the 1st of February last, and has continued on all Communion days since, except on Easter Sunday. The young man is in great pain, he is obliged to walk on his heels on account of the wound in the feet. He says that he has been through and taken part in all the sufferings of Christ's Passion. The marks of the scourges, Father Provincial tells us, were seen on his back. He is often seen in a trance, and the body perfectly stiff, the face smiling. I asked him a great number of questions about the events of the Passion. His answers coincided exactly in every detail with the Gospel narrative, he speaks as one who had been a spectator of all the events he is recounting, without the least hesitation. He is only a child and apparently quite incapable of deceit. An officer asked the Provincial to put his beads on the novice's arm during the time he was in a trance; this being done the young man took the beads in his hand which no one had hitherto been able to open. When he came to himself, he said our Lady had commissioned him to send word to the officer, mentioning his name, that he (the novice) was not a saint and that therefore such honour should not be showed to him. I was very much struck with the conversation I had with the novice. It is undoubtedly a very extraordinary case which is a source of great anxiety to his Superiors. I have asked our community to be very careful in talking with externs on this subject. Our enemies are saying that it is a piece of Jesuit cunning to deceive the public. Wishing your Reverence all paschal joys, Yours sincerely in Xt.,

HENRY MARTIN, S.J.

The writer of this letter seems to have been entirely satisfied of the genuineness of the phenomena he referred to, and a friend of the present writer's, who also saw the novice, told him that, although quite prepared to believe the case was fraudulent, he had not been able to detect any suspicious circumstance in what he saw or heard. According to the account of all, the novice, whose name, to prevent any danger of unpleasant consequences, we refrain from printing, was, at any rate at first, a very simple lad, giving no great promise of success as a student. Both before his entrance into the Society of Jesus and at the beginning of his noviceship he had suffered from what a contemporary account describes as "violent convulsions." A few months later his eyes had gradually begun to fail him, until almost complete blindness

had set in, and then he had been instantaneously cured. Not very long afterwards he left the Order, is known to have been drafted under the conscription law into the Italian army, but since then nothing seems to be known of him.

If we mention this case, it is not, as the reader will readily believe, because we have the slightest inclination to include the stigmata of Father Pius in the same category, but simply to illustrate how it happens that ecclesiastical authority is, and for two or three centuries past has always been, extremely cautious in bestowing any sort of formal sanction or recognition upon what are usually considered the outward manifestations of sanctity. In the processes of beatification the student will find the *Promotor Fidei*, popularly known as the "Devil's Advocate," again and again insisting that, while such marvels as levitation, stigmatization, bilocation, the knowledge of future or distant events, and above all, ecstasies and revelations, may all be legitimately submitted in evidence in confirmation of what has been otherwise proved, the fact of the heroic virtue of the servant of God must be established by testimony of quite another kind, to wit, by the depositions of those who have been the daily witnesses of his life and actions.

H. T.

II. TOPICS OF THE MONTH

The Theory of the Mandate.

Month after month we await the settlement of Europe, and month after month the unrest continues and increases. Only in ruined little Belgium, it would seem, are people and Government intent upon building up again internal order, knowing that reform must begin from within, and that a people must be united before it can be prosperous. The greater nations are too much engaged in projects of foreign aggrandizement to have time or money to spare for necessary work at home. This is due to old conceptions of national greatness which the war shook but did not overthrow. If the State as a whole were a trading concern, like Venice and Genoa of old, then the expenditure of public money on commercial enterprise would be intelligible, but, since the real prosperity and strength of a nation does not consist in the great wealth of some few of its citizens, but in the general diffusion of competence, the scramble between the Allies for lucrative "Mandates" at the immediate cost of much of the national substance, is a sad indication of the extent to which the doctrines of Mammon, the ungodly product of the Reformation and the industrial revolution, still pervade the

modern mind. Nothing could be nobler than the theory of the Mandate: weak and backward people still need protection in a world not ruled by the moral law. Protection from external aggression, assistance in the development both of civil polity and of material resources—these are great goods which can be guaranteed to a nascent State by some powerful and benevolent protector. But two things are necessary for the just and successful working of such a protectorate, two things closely interdependent: the first, that the mandatory State should be completely disinterested, and the other, a result of the first, that the mandated should consent to be thus protected. "When you come to settle"—said the Prime Minister in Glasgow three years ago¹—"who shall be the future trustees of these uncivilized lands, you must take into account the sentiments of the peoples themselves. . . . The wishes, the desires and the interests of the people of these countries themselves must be the dominant factor in settling their future government." If that be really the spirit of a Protectorate, it can only be an unmixed benefit to the people protected. Taking civilization to mean Christianity applied to civics and politics, the civilized world must in its proper self-interest see that no backward people lacks the opportunity of becoming civilized. Barbarism means mental and moral deficiency, and its persistence handicaps the future of the race.

Infringements of the League Covenant.

It is a great thing, therefore, that the old imperialistic notion of the ownership of backward peoples has been officially abandoned in favour of the theory of trusteeship. The ownership idea invariably resulted in a greater or less oppression of the native, sinking to abominable and merciless outrage in many parts of Africa, but nearly always present in some degree, because colonies were regarded primarily as commercial assets of the colonizing power, and were exploited by monopolistic trading companies, whose sole object was to secure dividends. Even though Article 22 of the League of Nations Covenant be in some cases disregarded, it stands there as a rule of international dealing to which the oppressed can appeal. So far from a mandated territory being the "possession" of the Mandatory Power, it is a "sacred trust," account of the administration of which must be rendered annually to an independent body, viz., the Council of the League.

We are aware that to expound these theories in the World's Stock Exchanges would, in the light of their governing principles and in the face of recent facts, provoke a pitying smile

¹ June, 1917.

² This sentiment is thus officially embodied in Article 22 of the League of Nations Covenant—"The wishes of these communities must be a principal consideration in the selection of the Mandatory."

at the expense of the expounder. Yet it may be that the kings of commerce are no longer to be the final arbiters of the world's destinies. Their influence is responsible for whatever is unjust and inexpedient in the Peace, and for all the subsequent departures from the spirit of "open, just and honourable relations between nations" invoked in the preamble of the Covenant. Already, as in the imposition of a duty of £2 a ton on the export of palm kernels to any country outside the British Commonwealth from the African colonies, Parliament has violated Articles 22 and 23 of the Covenant, which provide for equality of trade opportunities for all members of the League, and make the natives' commercial interests paramount. The same has happened in regard to the Mesopotamian oil supply, and the whole matter of mandates in that region and in Asia Minor has evidently been settled without the consent of the inhabitants, judging by the Arab revolt. All this goes to prove what many observers have pointed out from the first, that the League of Nations Covenant and the rest of the Peace Treaties are animated by contrary principles.

**The Need
of
Disarmament.**

We welcome in the various Peace Treaties the insistence on the disarmament of the vanquished as a recognition of the sound principle that the maintenance of greater military forces than are required for protection and for internal order is a temptation to aggression and an offence against civilization. Armies are for use, not ornament, and the possession of immense military strength, as we have too clearly seen, induces a sabre-rattling frame of mind which is incompatible with international peace. But the Allies cannot in justice demand disarmament from their late foes without themselves seriously undertaking to disarm. They cannot reasonably hope that Germany will consent to remain permanently defenceless, whilst the surrounding nations maintain huge forces. It is the aspiration of all reasonable men to get rid of the colossal burden of armaments, which not only wastes national resources and checks all manner of civilized development, but fails in the end to give the security which it is assumed to guarantee. But, instead of emphasizing and parading their purpose of reducing armaments as soon as the vanquished powers have reduced theirs, instead of stopping or strictly rationing the manufacture of munitions which alone make wars possible, instead of strengthening and popularizing the League of Nations, and doing all that is necessary to arouse it from its state of suspended animation, the victors in the war cannot seemingly shake themselves free from the old idea that national welfare is better secured by being strong enough to defy all rivals than by uniting with all other nations to attain the common benefits of peace and justice. Why enforce

an ideal on Germany, etc., without making it abundantly clear that those who enforce it are aiming at the same ideal and are eagerly providing machinery to give it effect?

**Peace with
Russia.**

The economic resurrection cannot begin until there is peace with Russia. The Government has now abandoned the policy of fighting the Russian revolutionaries directly or indirectly, by arms or by blockade. This is surely the wiser course, and we trust that it will be pursued. Interference from without has given the Bolsheviks their strongest support and enabled them, under pretext of patriotism, to perpetuate their godless tyranny. The British Socialists have had their eyes opened by their recent visit to Russia: they have seen Bolshevism enforcing industrial slavery, and the sight has not pleased them. And although the *Daily Herald* still speaks as if that Marxian experiment was a wonderful success the leaders know better, and have had the honesty to say so. They don't think much of the Soviet system, and as they allowed that impression to escape them before they returned, Comrade Lenin was ill-advised enough to denounce them as mere bourgeois in an open letter to British Labour which has probably done his cause more harm than all the denunciations of his foes. It only needs a return of more normal economic conditions in Russia to complete the Bolshevik overthrow. It is not in reason that a few thousand men should control 180 millions of people, especially in the loosely-federated group of States that will probably emerge from the present chaos. Socialism of the Marxian type has had its opportunity and has shown what it naturally and inevitably leads to. No one who has experienced that rule will want to continue it, if there are any tolerable alternatives to choose from. Moreover, the financiers in whose interests the Polish war and the trade-blockade are supposed to have been maintained—even they stand a better chance of recovering their money from a re-constructed and solvent Russia than from a slowly starving country filled with hatred of the West.

**The Pope
on
Peace.**

None of the Allied Powers, preoccupied as they are with national interests, nor the great Associated Power in the New World, immersed in its own domestic problems and policies, has shown since the Armistice any consistent regard for the welfare of humanity at large, like that of the one Power which can claim to be universal—the Holy See. The Pope crowned all his efforts during the war to stay the destruction of Europe and to bring men back to a recognition of their common humanity, by the issue of a Peace Encyclical on the Feast of Pentecost. He wishes the Peace, dictated though it was at the bayonet's point, to be a real peace. He sees the effects of the war miserably prolonged

in Central Europe whilst the victors are trying to reap material benefits from the defeat of their foes. He wants the nations to realize that they are mutually dependent, and cannot prosper at each other's expense. "The Gospel," he cries, "has not one law of charity for individuals and another for States. The war being ended, everything directs the nations towards general reconciliation, not only for the sake of charity, but also by reason of necessity." And then he goes on to plead for the abandonment of Imperialism, and the union of all nations on an equal footing in "an Association or rather in a kind of family fitted alike to preserve the liberty of each and protect the order of human society." In other words, the Pope also sees no safety for the world except in a League of Nations on the basis of a common regard for Christian justice. He would have the energies of Statesmen directed to the alleviation rather than to the perpetuation of human suffering. The paramount interest of every State is the restoration of economic health in the world at large. A weak and starving Central Europe makes misery on all its confines. The victorious peoples are being taxed on the one hand to perpetuate the material ruin of the war, and appealed to on the other to alleviate the wretchedness their rulers are causing. Love only, and not racial hate and the brutalities of material force, can redeem the stricken earth. This the Holy Father, having no worldly interests of his own to serve and thinking only of the ruin of civilization, boldly proclaims to a Europe still plagued by militarism. May it hearken before it is too late.

**The Workers
and
Munitions.**

We said last month that, until the Assembly of the League of Nations is convoked, the peoples, as distinct from the diplomatists, will not be able to make their wishes prevail. That Assembly has been unfortunately postponed till November, and meanwhile the Council of the League is becoming the laughing-stock of the militarists because of its ineffectiveness. Poland, one of its members, engages in war without consulting it: Persia, another member, appeals to it because attacked by Russia: in neither case can or does the Council act. Meanwhile there is a growing disposition on the part of a section of the workers to stop war "by direct action," *i.e.*, by refusing to transport munitions from the manufactory to the field. This process has been and is frequently adopted in Italy: cases have occurred here in England: it is a fixed policy in Ireland. The Prime Minister, commenting on this phenomenon, pointed out in that acute way of his the inconsistency of the workers producing goods which their fellows will not handle—a good debating point for the occasion, but one which a more prudent man would not have emphasized. For some workers are beginning to reflect that here indeed is an easy way of stopping war and reducing armaments. Let the

idea once spread: let the skilled workers now manufacturing engines of death for the destruction of their fellows demand to be employed instead in the arts of peace; then the militarists and diplomatists will threaten and plot in vain. It is a singular thought that the Turks and the Arabs, the restless tribes of the Balkans, the Poles, and even the Bolsheviks, who are waging our present score or so of little wars, are all supplied with the means to do so by the Powers that are trying to pacify them. "Abolish conscription," says Sir Ian Hamilton, "and you break the teeth of war." Those teeth would be even more effectually drawn by putting all munition manufactories under the control of the League of Nations. Or it may be that the people who only suffer and do not benefit from war will finally bring it to an end in the manner the Prime Minister, incautiously, suggested.

**No Levy
on
War-Profits.**

To expect a Parliament, composed of a vast majority of moneyed men, to adopt, except under stress of dire necessity, any measure requiring a sacrifice of money is to expect too much of human nature. For, in business, self-interest must needs be predominant: no one enters business for the fun of the thing, and few have the insight to realize that the general prosperity is better in the long run for the individual than any private gain he may secure to its detriment. The Manchester School for generations taught the direct opposite. "Enrich yourself to the utmost: the wealthier you are, the better for the community." That gospel is now somewhat discredited as a general principle, but no one in particular will readily admit that his own swollen fortunes are injurious to the common weal. Hence all attempts by the Government to act on the excellent principle that those who made money out of the war should pay for the war in a higher proportion than those who didn't, have been baffled at every turn. Parliament would doubtless admit that, in the abstract, the principle is just, and each member would like it applied if possible to the rest, but as the safety of each demands immunity for all, the Government feels the proposal to be impracticable, and war-fortunes escape the levy. We are not accusing the "big business" men, who decide these matters, of abnormal selfishness: no doubt they honestly think that the levy would hamper business and cause unemployment, but the fact remains that the incidence of war-taxation is unjust, and injustice in the end will bring its nemesis. Already people are saying that, if it is impossible to distinguish war-profits from ordinary profits, there should be a levy on all capital until the debt is reduced to normal proportions. The service of that debt will strangle both this and future generations unless much of it is lifted off our necks. Already—and we commend this paradox to those who regard a "successful" war as a good business proposition—the taxation

per head in this country has risen from £3 10s. 10d. in 1914 to £22 os. 6d. in the current financial year,¹ whereas for Germany the figures are, at current rate, 4s. 4d. and £3 1s.² In America the taxation per head is £12 7s., in France £9 11s., in Italy £2 2s. (at current rates). Those who have lost materially by the war, or whose incomes have remained stationary, are being taxed proportionately as much as those who have amassed colossal fortunes, fortunes which are still increasing owing to the after-effects of the war. And the sufferers are the many, the gainers the few.³

Public Waste.

Hardly has the case of Slough faded from the short public memory when the existence of another enormous "dump" of useful goods, rotting away at Chilwell, instead of being put on the market and sold for the benefit both of the taxpayer and consumer, is revealed by the sleuth-hounds of the Press. The ordinary citizen is struck by two curious points in this revelation, first the ease with which knowledge of this sort can be kept for years from the public, although very many must share it; secondly, the incapacity of a bureaucracy to safeguard the public interest. Are there any more Sloughs and Chilwells to be unearthed in this fairly populous country? Has *The Times* got a secret list which it means to disclose *seriatim*, whenever it wants a stick wherewith to beat the Government? A more serious question regards the system which makes it apparently necessary, in the eyes at any rate of Government advisers, to withhold vast stores of boots and clothing from the market at a time when high prices, owing partly to inadequate supplies, are bleeding the consumer. That is of course the Capitalist-Wage System. Flooding the market would, no doubt, bring down prices, but it would also stop production and cause unemployment. Therefore, all these valuable goods are held in cold storage, a mine of wealth, with whole nations in destitution across the channel and many crushed by poverty in our midst. What wonder that Socialists are finding in this fact another weapon against Capitalism and Wage-Slavery!

The Menace of the Idle Rich.

With an utter heedlessness of economic facts, and disdain of public opinion outside its own circle, the fashionable world is providing the discontented with more munitions of the same sort. The illustrated papers are filled with the gorgeous gowns displayed at Ascot where dress-extravagance went to fantastic

¹ Figures supplied by the Chancellor of the Exchequer, *Times*, 25th June.

² At par the corresponding figures are £1 10s. 8d. and £21 15s. 8d.

³ In England 340,000 people (about one per cent of the population) grew richer to the aggregate amount of 3,000 million pounds during the war. Statement of War-Wealth Committee, Mar. 17.

heights. The elegant wastrels there were soldiers and nurses during the war: they are capable of responding to the stimulus of such a crisis, but the war—though a war for justice—has taught them nothing, and they have sunk back into their wonted selfishness, as if they had never glimpsed the ideal of a better-ordered world. Ascot is only typical of a hundred other centres of wanton outlay to which all the summer through the pleasure-seekers throng. And, spread by a sensational press which is blind to the moral, their example has its inevitable effect. All classes join in wasting upon dress and drink and gambling the substance needed for the nation's recovery. Man naturally seeks to avoid the curse of compulsory labour, and with the ideals set before them by the rich and idle and thriftless, the workers too place happiness in spending money and idleness. "More pay and shorter hours" is a natural demand in the mouth of Labour, so long as there is a class, not very numerous perhaps but always prominently before the public, who do nothing but spend the wealth that labour has created.

**Wrong Principles
of
Wage Assessment.**

Ever since the recognition in the terms of the Dockers' Award in March of the principle that wages should not be based simply on the cost of living, but should have regard to other human needs, such as education and provision for the future, the demand for increased wages has gone on continuously in different trades. The most striking case has been that of the railwaymen, who, on April 6th, demanded an additional pound a week. Their claim has been investigated by a National Board which has not yet reported, but in the arguments that supported it a new element appeared which makes all hope of settlement impossible. This was the notion that the workers in any particular trade should not have markedly lower wages than the workers in any other trade, so that if one gets a rise the others should get one also. The dockers are now better paid than the railwaymen; hence a feeling of discontent amongst the latter arising out of their consequent social inferiority. In other words, what has long been derided as the snobbery of Suburbia is now adopted as a moral standard by the workers! The possession of money—money, moreover, which has not been really earned—is to be their sole standard of worth. Labour is badly served by claims such as these, which, if advanced in other professions, would upset the whole notion of just dealing.

**The Railway
Service and the
Public.**

It is not the prospect of dearer fares that makes one reject claims so grounded. The labourer in any trade is worthy of his hire: a full living-wage is his due. The public have no right to cheap travelling if it can be secured only by the sweating of the railwaymen. But as cheap travelling is so

essential to the conduct of modern life, both in regard to business and recreation, the public has a right to know that its needs are not being exploited, either by ineffective and wasteful management, or by excessive profits on the part of the railway owners. The multiplication of companies and consequent lack of co-ordination, the numerous paid Boards of Directors, the cut-throat competition, the want of standardization—these and other similar causes make railway management much more costly than it need be. The Minister of Transport gives figures to show that our railways cost more to build, charge more for their services, and do less work for their money than those of France, Prussia, or the United States. The remedy is not State ownership, which would only enlarge the bureaucracy and extend the area of political deals, but State control in the common interest. And this means, not only insistence on efficiency and economical working, but the limitation of profits to a fair rate of interest. It is not private enterprise in itself that is to blame for a dear and inefficient transport service, but private enterprise unguided and uncontrolled to serve public ends.

**Labour
in a Prudent
Mood.**

The recent Labour Congress at Scarborough, although productive of resolutions aiming at the overthrow of Capitalism, proves fairly definitely that the British workers have no desire for Marxian Socialism. The lesson of Russia has not been lost on their minds: methods of violence have been repudiated, the class-war of the "Third International," as well as the organization itself, has been set aside; even direct action for political ends has been wisely discarded. In a democracy the only way in which a section of the people can prove that they represent the feeling of the majority is to point to the polls. The Press only indicates the opinions of those that own it, or the advertisers that control it. Through the ballot alone is there an opportunity of learning what the community wants—or, more accurately, what the community doesn't want. If the community repents of its choice or, as is more likely, is suffering because it was too apathetic to choose, there are ways of bringing pressure upon members and killing or shortening the life of an unpopular Parliament. When by means of Proportional Representation a fairer representation of public opinion has been obtained and the crudity of mere majority rule avoided, there will be less chance of section oppressing section. So it is a healthy sign that "direct action" should not be encouraged by responsible Labour men, and it would still further contribute to the health of politics if all other forms of "direct action," such as are credited to the leaders of finance, were put an end to.

**Prohibition
rightly rejected
by Labour.**

Another indication that the Socialist menace to liberty is becoming felt by the workers is the rejection by the Congress of the policy of Prohibition. In this they will have all true Christian feeling behind them. As we have frequently pointed out, the only conditions in which total prohibition of strong drink could justly be applied to a whole community would be those which would justify its application to an individual, viz., a lack of self-control that could be regained in no other way. There are occasions when an individual, if he wishes to save his soul, must become a total abstainer. Whether a whole community can get into that condition we consider, in spite of the action of the United States, highly improbable. At any rate, liberty is in possession, and before it can be rightly restricted in any particular a very clear case for the justice of that restriction must be made out. We consider the abuse of strong drink one of the greatest evils of the time. When we reflect that this almost bankrupt community spent last year £386,600,000 on intoxicants, *i.e.*, 49 per cent over the 1918 expenditure and 132 per cent over that of 1913,¹ we can realize how much of our financial difficulties are self-induced, and how blind to the public interest a Government is which does not proceed with its declared intention of reforming the drink traffic. But the policy of "reforming it altogether" by abolition is one to be resisted by all who have a regard for Christian liberty.

**The Divorce
Bill Scandal in
the Lords.**

As far as their futile human efforts can go, a majority of the House of Lords on June 22nd tried to abolish one of the ten commandments—"Thou shalt not commit adultery." The commandment, of course, still remains with its awful sanction, but the peers have encouraged people to set it at nought by declaring the marriage contract dissoluble by human law. They may plead that they were only extending a principle already conceded by their predecessors, including the representatives of the State Church, in 1857, when the Divorce Court was established; that is true enough; they are doubtless the sons of those who killed the prophets, but their plea only means that they are ready to intensify the evil already done, that to the facilities for sin already provided they are willing to add others. In the Lords there was no effective opposition to this impious Bill. Only one Catholic peer spoke up for his faith: the others, forgetting that in addressing the Lords they are addressing the world, and that their conduct as public men will be recorded in history, were silent or absent—a strange dereliction of duty, which, though it cannot harm the Church, will bring no blessing on their order.

¹ We do not forget that the increased price of strong drink is largely responsible for this increased sum: we are considering it under the aspect of waste.

Protestant Bishops and Peers were fatally handicapped by their past. The Anglican trumpet, however lustily blown, can never give more than an uncertain note. The Archbishop of Canterbury contradicted the aged Lord Halifax, and the enemy was quick to use that controversial weapon. Since the State Church admits divorce for adultery and re-marriage, it has given up the principle. That it does admit divorce is proved by the fact that its pastors commonly teach it, and no one does or can say them nay. As for the "world," the capitalist *Times* and the socialist *Daily Herald* both alike acclaim the Lords' action, showing how little the Christianity on which our civilization is founded means to your secularist. Whether enough Christianity remains in the Commons to reject this assault on God's law remains to be seen.

**Anglicans
in
Conference.**

We are on the eve of great events in the Anglican world, which necessarily have an interest for Catholics, since nothing can happen either at the so-called Anglo-Catholic Congress (June 29—July 1), or the more important Lambeth Conference (July 5—August 7), which will not emphasize the impossibility of attaining certainty and unity in faith and doctrine without a living infallible authority. Until that impossibility is faced and realized, the prelates and clergy of the Establishment may indeed utter much that is true and edifying but will never be able to convince an unbelieving world of the divine authenticity of their message. If they are the ambassadors of Christ, how is it they do not make an identical proclamation? What are their credentials, if they cannot point to that fundamental unity wherewith *He* authenticated His mission? If, being what they are, they represent Christ, then their Lord is not the Son of God as we know Him, but an ignorant and discredited master, unable to foresee the future or to give real effect to his promises and prophecies. The test is a simple one: the Representative of Christ must speak as He spoke, must teach as He taught, *with authority*. Will the Lambeth Conference—in effect though not formally an ecumenical council of Anglicanism—preface its declarations with the bold Apostolic phrase—"It hath seemed good to the Holy Ghost and to us"?

THE EDITOR.

NOTE: MR. BLIGH BOND AND GLASTONBURY.

THE Editor desires to state that the article concerning Glastonbury, supplied to him by Miss Leslie Moore, and published in THE MONTH for May, 1920, was published by him without confirmation of the facts concerning the statements made by Miss Moore with reference to an interview with the proprietor of the Cannon MS., whereby it was suggested that Mr. Bligh Bond had had access to this MS. prior to his discovery of the

"Edgar Chapel" at Glastonbury, and that he had obtained detailed information of the chapel therefrom and had failed to acknowledge the source, claiming to have discovered the chapel by other means.

Mr. Bligh Bond informs us that there is no truth in Miss Moore's statement that he had any prior knowledge of the existence of the chapel from the source alleged or any other source, and we therefore feel it incumbent upon us to express our sincere regret that we should have given publicity to Miss Moore's allegation, which we no longer support, and we would wish to tender our apologies to Mr. Bligh Bond for the appearance of that statement in our pages.

III. NOTES ON THE PRESS

[A summary survey of current periodicals with a view to recording useful articles which 1) expound Catholic doctrine and practice, 2) expose heresy and bigotry, and 3) are of general Catholic interest.]

CATHOLIC DOCTRINE AND PRACTICE.

Authority, The Principle of, and modern social needs [A. Valensin in *Etudes*, June 5, 20, 1920, p. 513].

Biblical Criticism, St. Thomas's Canons of [V. McNabb, O.P., in *Blackfriars*, June, 1920, p. 135].

Catholic Church and Science [F. Aveling, S.T.D., in *Catholic World*, June, 1920, p. 330].

Last Supper not the Jewish Pasch [F. X. Nairne in *Month*, July, 1920, p. 1].

Simony according to the New Code [S. Woywod, O.F.M., in *Homiletic Monthly*, June, 1920, p. 852].

CATHOLIC DEFENCE.

Anglican Catholicism, Bishop Gore and difficulties of [Mgr. Battifol in *Revue des Jeunes*, May 23, 1920, p. 392].

Materialism, The Savagery of godless [J. Husslein in *America*, May 29, 1920, p. 142].

Miracles: Three Objections Answered [P. M. Pèrier in *Revue Pratique d'Apologétique*, June 15, 1920, p. 265].

POINTS OF CATHOLIC INTEREST.

Catholic Chaplains in the Royal Navy [Richard Anson, O.S.B., in *Month*, July, 1920, p. 25].

Education, The Bishops' Declaration against Mr. Fisher's proposals [*Tablet*, June 26, 1920].

Jugo-Slavia, Church Conditions in [Elizabeth Christitch in *Catholic World*, June, 1920, p. 351].

Louvain, The Catholic University of [L. Van der Essen in *Inter-University Magazine*, June, 1920, p. 149; A. Gwynn, S.J., in *Studies*, June, 1920, p. 264].

Peace, The Pope on [*Civiltà Cattolica*, June 19, 1920, p. 502; *Tablet*, June 12, 1920, p. 787].

Portugal, The Masonic Regime in [*Tablet*, June 5, 1920, p. 744].

Resurrection, Jewish Belief in [T. J. Agius, S.J., in *Irish Ecclesiastical Record*, May, 1920, p. 380].

Socialism, Post-War [L. McKenna in *Studies*, June, 1920, p. 177].

Social-Work, The Priest and [M. Mulcaire, C.S.G., in *Homiletic Monthly*, June, 1920, p. 837].

REVIEWS

I—THE PROBLEM OF REUNION¹

THIS book may be considered an outcome of the Great War. Its author, a convert himself from Nonconformity to Catholicism, was sent as a Catholic chaplain to the Expeditionary Force on the French front, and remained there during a great part of the war. This meant that he was brought into close contact with other chaplains of various denominations, and though each had his own spiritual work among the portion of his own co-religionists assigned to him, these chaplains as a whole formed socially one body, and messing together and often even sharing in the same billets, became intimate, and not rarely, cordial friends. Indeed, one may say that, if it was impossible that they should be united sacramentally, in a lesser but still valuable sense, they offered a spectacle of reunion so far accomplished, and were led to exchange views as to the character and possibility of the fuller reunion for which most of them longed. In particular, these chaplains were accustomed to meet together, weekly or monthly, to discuss affairs of mutual interest among which the reunion question could not fail to come up sometimes. It was amidst these surroundings that the draft of the present volume was composed, during such intervals as the exigencies of the campaign permitted. There was a certain disadvantage in composing thus, without access to a sufficient historical library, but it was a disadvantage which was largely compensated for by the ample opportunity furnished of consulting the experience and opinions of others, and, says the author, so "coming to understand one another and to appreciate one another's ideals and devotion as they could not have otherwise have done."

The book contains a good deal of interesting information; in view of which the tendency of the reviews it has received is to recognize that the author shows a good knowledge of the difference of ideas and objects which are held or pursued by the different denominations in conflict. On the whole, the author's contention is that even the Anglican Church is at present not ready to seek reunion with the Catholic Church

¹ By Leslie I. Walker, S.J., M.A. London: Longmans. Pp. xxii. 255. Price, 12s. 6d. net. 1920.

on the sole conditions which the latter is prepared to accord it, namely, a full recognition that her position is sound and involves the submission of all to her authority. On the other hand, he does not see why the Anglican Church should not enter into reunion with the Protestant communions, which have all come into being by separation from her who was their parent stock. Here he makes an examination into the circumstances of the sixteenth century revolution and the official documents in which it found its authentic expression, and concludes that, though in some respects these were made ambiguous for the sake of gaining the acceptance of people who were still at heart Catholics, that was only a temporary expedient, and gave way to a stage in which they were recognized to be sufficiently plain, but distinctly Protestant; there being nothing in their text which was not capable of a downright Protestant interpretation. Resting on this interpretation, for the soundness of which a good deal can be said, his inference is that there is no serious difficulty in the way of a reunion on Protestant principles between all these now separatist elements; that is to say, on the principle of leaving open after reunion the same extensive differences of interpretation which are in fact allowed to members of the Anglican Church itself, and trying, on this basis, to meet also the controversies as to polity by some reasonable agreement, as, for instance, that episcopal ordination should be generally accepted as a fact, it being left open to all to put on this fact what construction they pleased. It does not seem to us really probable that even this much will prove to be practical, for it would involve many controversies of detail as to the government and administration of these re-united multitudes which, even if the aspiration after reunion were stronger among them than it is, would prove too difficult for satisfactory harmonization—which probably is the reason why the Nonconformists themselves look rather to Federalism than organized union as the goal of their hopes. Still, if a Protestant reunion on the basis sketched out by Father Walker could be carried out, and, we must add, carried out in such sense that it would have in it some binding force to keep it stable, and give it a chance of becoming permanent, we agree that it would be a point gained. It would not, as he says, be sufficient, or be thought sufficient, for it would include only a fragment of Christendom,—but it might encourage those thus re-united to look further and work for a recon-

ciliation with the great Catholic Church which cannot be excluded from any really united Christendom.

Still, what about that outstanding portion of the Anglican communion which we call comprehensively the High Church party, and which calls itself Catholic? Father Walker thinks their position in the Anglican communion indefensible in view of the true character of the Reformation settlement; and we agree with him largely as to this. Still they are there, and their numbers are by no means inconsiderable; nor is it to be expected that without a change in their very nature they will ever consent to unite sacramentally with people whose beliefs are so uncongenial to them as are those of the English Nonconformists. What then are they to do? Father Walker does not answer this question, and he might say with some reason that it does not admit of an answer. All we can do is to hope that the process already going on among this Catholicizing party may continue and be hastened, the process we mean by which gradually so many of them are being led to realize that their true home is in the Catholic Church, and that the suspicions of her which at present hold back so many of them are without solid foundations.

We have confined ourselves in this notice to the scaffolding of Father Walker's argument; but there is in it besides a mass of instruction on many points of Catholic interest which should recommend it to those particularly for whose benefit it was specially written, namely, those who were thus brought to discuss the question of reunion during the war, and may be glad of the opportunity to revive and develop the ideas they used then to debate.

2—THE BOOK OF JEREMIAS¹

READERS of Père Condamin's *Isaias* will be rejoiced to learn that his volume on *Jeremias* has at last appeared. It seems, indeed, to have been completed in the earlier part of 1914, but like so many other works of peace, was held up till now by the terrible war which then broke out. Like its predecessor on *Isaias*, it leaves to stand over much else which one might look for in such a commentary, but for which other commentators have sufficiently provided; and confines itself to the investigation of the text and its literal sense, a

¹ *Etudes bibliques. Le Livre de Jeremias. Traduction et commentaire.* Par le P. Albert Condamin de la Compagnie de Jésus. Paris: Gabalda. Pp. xlv. 380. Price, 24 francs. 1920.

task quite sufficient to exhaust the energies of any one writer, who was desirous of keeping his commentary within reasonable dimensions of space; and peculiarly so in the case of Jeremias, whose text differs so considerably in the quantity and order of its matter, according as it is presented in the Hebrew or Greek texts that have come down to us. For the LXX. text of Jeremias omits about an eighth part of what is found in the Masoretic text, and the question is thus raised, what is the explanation of such a considerable difference? And again, the two versions vary considerably in the sequence in which they place some of the prophecies, the two agreeing altogether from the beginning up to chap. xxv. 15, that is, perhaps, we may say, agreeing as to the arrangement of the earlier portion of the prophet's ministry, but from that onwards, varying in many ways, and particularly in the place where they set the prophecies against the nations, which in the Masoretic text comes at the end, in the LXX. higher up. And here arises another problem, which of the two orders is the more primitive. To the determination of these problems we can only be led by a judgment based upon minute points of evidence, such as cannot be pursued in a short *comple-rendu*, but the author in the second and third chapters of his Introduction studies them very carefully, preferring, on the whole, but by no means in all respects, the arrangement of the LXX. text. He also makes good use at times of the internal evidence supplied by the different versions, which he discusses in the *Notes de critique littéraire et historique* that occur throughout the commentary, and leave no point of difficulty unconsidered. There is a prejudice among Catholics against laying stress on conjectural emendations thus motivated, a prejudice which is not unnatural considering the rash excesses to which the method has been carried by rationalistic critics, but it is a method which, sanely used, can lead to useful results, and Père Condamin is conservative in his employment of it, and finds frequent occasion to condemn the intemperance of the rationalist Duhm, of whom he says, pun-gently but not unfairly, that his internal criticism is like the treatment of a surgeon who must always amputate, when he finds anything amiss in his patient, and if he is dealing with some affection of the ankle will usually insist on cutting away everything up to the hip. He himself, in many instances, shows how unnecessary this is, and here, too, he is often able to draw, as in his commentary on Isaias, on the strophæic

arrangement of the prophecies, the metrical law of which is better understood now than in former times and by the periodicity and symmetry of its language offers many opportunities of checking readings which, by their violation of these laws, reveal themselves to be intrusive in some way or other.

As affording a signal instance of this mode of successful internal criticism, we may refer to the author's dealing with the messianic prediction in chaps. xxx. and xxxi., which has been freely recognized as the gem of the whole collection. Several non-Catholic critics have speculated on this long passage, and condemned it as not by Jeremias, as hopelessly corrupt in its text, which did not conform to their *a priori* tests, but Père Condamin points out how perfect a case of strophic arrangement it is all through the two chapters which it comprises. First we have 9 groups of 3 verses each (=27), followed by 8 groups of 2 verses each (=16), or 43 altogether; then a central strophe of 3 groups of 3 verses each; and then again 9 groups of 3 verses each, followed by 8 groups of 2 verses each. Nor is this all. There are word recurrences in definite and corresponding places, and it is through these recurrences that the sense is developed and pursues its orderly course. Though, too, there are other sub-central strophes (xxx. 18, 21) in the whole poem of these chapters, which are central in a less degree and refer to the future, they are not messianic like this of xxxi. 10-14, which lifts the theme into a higher atmosphere altogether.

This prophecy is the chief vehicle of the messianic hope which governs the book of Jeremias; it deserves to be diligently studied, as following the lines of spiritual policy prescribed for the race of Israel in such divine promises as were given to David (II Rom. xiv. 16, II Kings xiv. 16, Ps. lxxxviii., and parallel places). In very many prophecies the prediction of the messianic period comes in due course after the foreground prediction which typifies it, but it is not always they are so well distinguished, though here, too, as was to be expected, there is nothing to define the time of ultimate and complete fulfilment which of its own nature needed to be kept secret. On the other hand, in all that refers to the future of the race of Israel under the discipline of the impending Babylonian captivity, the prediction is quite definite in character and turned out true to the letter. It was no use, said the prophet, their trying to take refuge in Egypt, the

Babylonian victory was certain, it was their merited punishment, and their best course was not to resist it, but to submit to it penitently and patiently; nor could God forget His promise that the punishment should be followed by restoration, which latter should come in 70 years time, as it did.

At times the author comes across difficulties which have impressed non-Catholics in this country, and offers solutions which, if they reflect, should be found satisfying. Thus the false prophets were ever opposing to Jeremias's predictions of coming ills, more optimistic views of what was to happen. They seem to have professed a confidence in these practically not distinguished from that professed by the prophet of God, and the people were rather inclined to believe them rather than him. Why were they to blame for this? Père Condamin discusses this point on pp. 212—215. It is a little difficult for want of a fuller acquaintance with the facts to appreciate the full significance of Jeremias's reproach to his opponents. But it is that, whereas he has been "sent" by Jahveh (for which see chap. i.), the false prophets have not been sent, and are conscious that they are giving out in the name of God what are not more than their own conjectures, so formed as to be popular with the people. Hence the true prophet has the certainty with which God endows him to denounce Hananias and predict his approaching death, the foretelling of which was intended as a proof to all that Jeremias's denunciation of him was divinely inspired. Another point which perplexes English Protestants is as to what feature in the messianic times is to be identified with the prediction (xxxi. 34) that it will no longer be necessary for one man to instruct another man since all shall know one from the least to the greatest. It has been taken to point to an individualist system, such as the Puritans used to claim was theirs, of the Bible and the Bible only, which for those who prayed fervently for light from the Holy Spirit would be an infallible guide to truth, and would dispense from dependence on any system of Church authority. Of course it cannot be that, for whilst on the one hand this Puritan system has been found to lead only to the most utter perplexity as to what is and what is not the truth of God, the clear teaching of the New Testament, confirmed by the entire history of the Catholic Church, witnesses to its divine character and gives the basis on which the present passage should be expounded. Père Condamin, therefore, gives his adherence to the canon

of Gaspar Sanchez, which lays down that a system is rightly described by what is principal in it, namely, the abundant outpouring of grace in the Catholic Church which attends and inclines to acceptance as from God the teaching of the same Church. And this agrees with the sequence in matter as well as language of verse 34 on verse 33.

3—THE HISTORY OF THE SOCIETY OF JESUS¹

BY a strange freak of fortune the so-called histories of the Society of Jesus too often differ from each other *in toto*. Of hostile accounts the name is legion; and almost as numerous the mild panegyrics, which pious eulogists are wont to prefix to affectionate biographies of individual Jesuits. Amidst this confusion, a special value attaches to the *Esquisse* of Jesuit history published by the veteran Father Brucker. Founding his narrative on authors of real value, he has succeeded in producing a readable, yet succinct, account of the Order and of its activities in every sphere and every country for two and a half centuries, that is, until the Suppression of 1773.

This has not been accomplished without much condensation. It was to be expected that the author should have given the lion's share of the available space to his own country, which has played so very large a part, both in the good and in the bad fortunes of the Society, and for both reasons receives and requires, both from foes and from friends, more discussion than other provinces do. This allocation of space also enables Father Brucker to treat some of the controverted questions, as Pascal's *Provinciales*, with a more satisfactory fulness than would have been possible if space had to be given to other countries on a larger scale. The need for a book like this has long been felt, and we hope that it will find a really wide circulation.

Father Burnichon's volume contrasts favourably with that of Father Brucker in some respects. Here we find a spacious atmosphere and life-like details. But on the other hand, the men and matters are of less importance. King Louis Philippe and Prince Napoleon are the largest figures on the

¹ (1) *La Compagnie de Jésus, esquisse de son institut et de son histoire, 1521—1773*. Par le Père Joseph Brucker, S.J. Paris: Beauchesne. Pp. 843. Price, 12 francs. 1919. (2) *La Compagnie de Jésus en France, 1814—1914*. Par le Père Joseph Burnichon, S.J. Vol. III. 1845—1860. Beauchesne. Pp. 637. Price, 15 francs. 1919.

stage, but they appear at some distance, and do not impress us profoundly. For English readers the chief interest will be the light thrown on many persons and causes, whose memories are still with us. On Dupanloup, Montalembert, Lacordaire, and de Ravignan; on Statesmen like Guizot, Veuillot, Rossi, and Thiers; on Fathers like Gautrelet and Gury, Ponlevoy, Rozaven, and Villefort; on well-known houses and colleges like the Rue des Postes, Vals, Vannes, Vaugirard; and on missionary enterprises extending from Madagascar to Canada, and from New York to China.

The strength of the volume lies chiefly in details such as the above; but of course there is also much that explains the long struggle for religious liberty in France during the nineteenth century, and especially the education laws. At the opening of the volume, the Catholics were labouring under the oppression of the Liberals, and of the dictatorial University of Paris. But the Revolution of 1848 affirmed the principle of Liberty of Teaching, which found utterance in the *loi Falloux* of 1850. Much debated though we see this to have been, its results were felicitous; and the Jesuits, after thirty years of extreme difficulty, suddenly found themselves everywhere called upon and pressed into work. An era of peaceful expansion had begun, varied indeed by occasional tempests, but on the whole, of continued prosperity. This ample and satisfactory volume will touch a note of sympathy in many an interested reader.

4—THE BOLLANDISTS AND THEIR WORK¹

THE five terrible years of war, which brought the civil, industrial, and literary life of Belgium almost to a standstill, bade fair to overwhelm completely the undertaking organized by Father John Bollandus and continued so indefatigably by his successors during three full centuries. We learn from the book before us that the house at Julémont, in which, according to local tradition, Bollandus saw the light, was destroyed when the Germans in August, 1914, set fire to the village. Happily the Collège St. Michel at Brussels, where the Bollandist Fathers house their valuable library and manuscript materials, has not seriously suffered from the hostile occupation. But in a hundred other ways their work has been crippled. Father F. Van Ortroy, his health under-

¹ *L'Œuvre des Bollandistes, 1615—1915*. Par Hippolyte Delehaye, S.J. Bruxelles: Bureaux de la Société des Bollandistes. Pp. 284. 1920.

mined by the privations which the war entailed, died in September, 1917. Father C. Van de Vorst, a younger collaborator, had, owing to dearth of priests, to be called off to other work a month or two later. Father H. Delehaye, the *doyen* of the little company, who has also quite recently been awarded the honorary degree of D.Litt. by the University of Oxford, was arrested in January, 1918, by the Government of Occupation, and sentenced to ten years' penal servitude, from which, in spite of the intervention of Bruno Krusch—to his credit be it said—and some other German *Fachgenossen*, he was not released until November, 1918, only a very few days before the Armistice was signed. Thus Fathers Delehaye and P. Peeters are now left with the whole burden of this great undertaking upon their shoulders, while they are at the same time confronted by endless financial difficulties which make the continued publication of the *Acta Sanctorum* and the *Analecta Bollandiana*, etc., a problem of the gravest kind. To make their work better known, and to obtain the support of fresh subscribers for their periodical, was no doubt one of the principal objects which influenced Father Delehaye in compiling this admirable account of the activities of three hundred years. But the story is an exceedingly interesting one in itself and was well worth the telling. For duration, bulk, and importance it must surely hold the record among all the literary enterprises of the western world. Like most other good works it has been tried by contradictions of all kinds, but even the suppression of the Society of Jesus and its enforced interruption for nearly half a century did not kill it. Probably no chapter in this narrative will be read with greater interest than that which Father Delehaye entitles *L'Épreuve*, for this, as every true historical student will recognize, abounds in real pathos. It deals with the life-story of Father D. Papebroch, "l'homme au franc-parler," and at the same time probably the most erudite—given always the circumstances under which his work was done—of all those who have contributed to this great undertaking of the *Acta Sanctorum*. In his keen desire to consider only the truth of history, Father Papebroch found that his critical methods and fearless loyalty to an ideal raised up many enemies who were unscrupulous in their misrepresentations, and who did their utmost to suppress his work by their insidious working with ecclesiastical authorities. Father Delehaye describes with feeling the intense suffering of the great scholar and

also the noble patience and dignity with which he met the attacks of his unworthy assailants. But the volume is full of interest from the first page to the last, and we can only wish it very heartily a success proportioned to its merits and to those of the cause in which it has been written. We may add that the last chapter, no portion of which appears in the articles in the *Etudes* upon which this book is based, supplies a bibliography and collation of the different editions of Bollandist publications, which will be of unique and permanent value to students.

SHORT NOTICES

THEOLOGICAL.

FATHER Valentine Zubizarreta, O.C. Excalc., composed a treatise on fundamental theology whilst still in the cloister. Raised subsequently to positions of authority in his Order and finally made Bishop of Camaguey in Cuba, he has nevertheless managed to follow up his former work by the issue of a Second Volume, **De Deo Uno, Trino, Creatore** (Burgos: 10 pes.). The exposition is "ad mentem S. Thomæ," and follows traditional lines, touching the vast world of modern heresy and its speculations very remotely, but establishing clearly the doctrine of the Church.

An explanation of Catholic doctrine of singular freshness and force is that translated from a work by Père Suau and called **The Christian Faith** (Burns, Oates and Washbourne: 2s. 6d. net). Its scheme is based upon the verse *Credo quidquid dixit Dei Filius*. Thus it explains the nature and reasonableness of faith, the fact of God's existence and of His revelation, the character and Personality of Christ, and finally the doctrine which He confirmed, made plainer, revealed and established—an admirable book of instruction for those who have little grasp of the true principles of Christianity.

The two most profound mysteries of the Christian faith—the Trinity and the Eucharist—are accepted with readiness by the devout mind, for the evidence for them is the Word of God. But the devout mind, nevertheless, delights in exploring their depths and in finding analogies and illustrations of them in nature and human life. This fruitful kind of research is admirably exemplified in **From the Trinity to the Eucharist** (Kegan Paul: 4s. 6d. net), translated from the French of Bishop Landrieux of Dijon, by Mr. E. E. Williams. By dint of clearly stating the dogma in each case, and then showing that, so far from contradicting reason, it receives vivid and unexpected support from many rational and experiential sources, this little treatise will enable believers to have a surer grasp of their faith, and to be in a better position to communicate it.

In a book devoted to explaining **Les Promesses du Sacré-Cœur** (Téqui: 5.00 fr.), such as this recently written by M. E. Truptin, one naturally turns to see what treatment has been accorded to "The Great Promise,"

that which apparently attaches the grace of salvation to the devotion of the Nine Fridays. M. Truptin deals with it skilfully, denying, as indeed he must, that it implies an absolute certainty of final perseverance, whilst maintaining that the due performance of the conditions will ensure great graces when they are most needed, viz., at the hour of death. All the other discussions are characterized by sound theological and ascetical learning.

BIBLICAL.

Dr. H. L. Gouge's **Three Lectures on the Epistle to the Ephesians** (S.P.C.K.: 3s. 6d. net) are not of the nature of an exegetical study but rather an attempt to interpret the Epistle in the light of our knowledge of St. Paul's character and aims. The chief point the lecturer makes—not of course a new one—was that St. Paul's mind was steeped in the revelation of the Old Testament, and that it is best illustrated from that source, for St. Paul it was who insisted upon the real spiritual continuity between the old and the new revelation. In the main these lectures are sound and stimulating, although here and there the speaker shows that he is outside the Catholic tradition.

Our Lord remains in this as in all previous ages the occasion of ruin or the cause of resurrection to all who come to an adequate knowledge of His Person and claim. "What think you of Christ?" is the one test question that determines whether a man is in the way of salvation or not. A proper idea of Christ, expressed in conduct as well as belief, marks off the sheep from the goats. That idea may be gained direct from the Gospels, but, better still, from the Gospels aided by the exegesis of one in whom Christ so lived that St. John Chrysostom could say, "Cor Pauli, cor Christi." Wisely then has Father C. Lattey, S.J., Professor of Sacred Scripture at St. Beuno's, in his recent volume **Back to Christ** (Paulist Press: \$1.00), taken St. Paul for his guide, and used his consummate knowledge of the Apostle's writings to interpret the relations of Christ to human society. So far from being cured, by the purgation of war, of its evil lusts and ambitions, its pride and injustice and covetousness, the world is still seeking its well-being in casting off Christ's yoke. Therefore it behoves all Christians to preach Christ crucified, Christ the Saviour even of the temporal order, as did St. Paul. These essays of Father Lattey afford them at once guidance and stimulus.

DEVOTIONAL.

In **Your Own Heart** (Benziger: \$1.25 net) Father Garesché, S.J., holds up before his readers a mirror of perfection by showing them various aspects of virtue and so enabling them to contrast the actual with the ideal. This is the way to true self-knowledge; "What man has done, man can do," and conscience needs the constant stimulus of practical example. There is abundant material for edification or the building of character in this little book.

June Roses for the Sacred Heart (Gill and Son: 2s. net) is a little book of meditations and readings arranged for each day of June, and all tending to direct and foster devotion to the Sacred Heart.

BIOGRAPHY.

Under the title of **The High Romance** (Macmillan Co.: \$1.75) Mr. Michael Williams has written a spiritual autobiography which combines literary art and religious interest in a very high degree. It traces his progress, in a rambling fashion symbolic of that progress itself, from an empty

materialism—for his childhood's Catholicism had no perceptible influence on his development—through all sorts of freak beliefs and cults to a whole-hearted recognition of the one true living God manifested in His Church. It is a strange story told with the utmost candour, and revealing the absolute chaos of creed and practice in the fallen world which has not accepted Christ's redemption. The material side of his story, his struggle with disease and bad fortune to make a livelihood for wife and children, brings one into contact with many strange phases of American life, particularly with the methods of the commercialized press, but its real fascination lies in the intellectual gropings of a restless mind, happily dowered with an insatiable desire for truth which no personal misconduct or stress of fortune could subdue, amidst the medley of fantastic systems which have poured into America from all countries, as once into ancient Rome, and jostle the crudest materialism and Mammon-worship that the world has ever seen. It was in the end through mysticism that Mr. Williams reached the harbour lights, and the bright star that finally led him to peace was that wonder of Carmel, Sister Teresa. Her life and that of her fellow Carmelite, Sister Elizabeth of the Trinity, recommended to his perusal by Bishop Hanna, revealed a new world to him, in which he found all that mind and heart had hitherto been longing for—the full possession of absolute Truth and an object of love without change or flaw. The last chapters, in which he narrates the lengthy process of his conversion, are especially full of spiritual beauty.

Miss I. A. Taylor has written, apropos of the canonization, a very readable account of **Joan of Arc: Soldier and Saint** (Sands and Co.: 6s. net), following the recognized authorities. The pitiful yet glorious tragedy, so compacted of heaven and earth, of good and evil, loses no force in this presentation of it, which is also aptly illustrated by "G.R."

It was to be expected that Père Hamon, S.J., whose large "Life" of Blessed Margaret Mary has become a standard work, should take occasion of her canonization to issue another study of his subject, devoting himself more to the history of her soul than to the external events of her life and message. Accordingly he calls the new work **Sainte Marguerite-Marie: sa Vie intime** (Beauchesne: 7.00 fr.). It is a psychological study of great value, for God's treatment of His chosen servant was full of mystery, needing careful elucidation on the part of a commentator if the reader is to understand it aright. In this popular work Père Hamon has expressly excluded critical discussion and multiplication of references, but states that he has everywhere gone to the original sources, with which no one is more familiar.

Those who know the wonderful work of the Good Shepherd nuns will read with interest the story of their coming to England which is published as a first instalment of **Good Shepherd Chronicles** by Messrs. Burns, Oates and Washbourne at 3s. 6d. net. The volume begins with the life of Mother Mary of St. Joseph Regaudiat, who was the Superior of the first foundation in King Street, Hammersmith, in 1841, and details the gradual growth of the Congregation in England and Scotland during the rest of Mother Mary's lifetime, a period of about ten years. The narrative brings in many of the well-known figures of English Catholic history, and is told in an interesting style with not a few touches of humour.

PHILOSOPHY.

Father de Backer has added to the series of his philosophical works a treatise on General Metaphysics, called **Disputationes Metaphysicæ de**

Ente Communi (Beauchesne: 5.00 fr.). It possesses all those qualities which his previous books have taught us to expect from him. Though he is traversing well-trodden ground, his pages are never a mere repetition of what his predecessors have said. Each piece of exposition bears the stamp of personal thought: and even the most familiar matters acquire in his pages a certain note of originality. Again and again, too, do we find illustrations of his singular power of coining the precise phrase needed to express some difficult and abstract conception. These characteristics will make the work very serviceable as a text-book. It is, we imagine, for this purpose that it is intended. The philosophical position of Fr. de Backer is Neo-thomistic. On the controverted points of the unity of the concept of Being, the different species of analogy, and of essence and existence, he adopts the system of St. Thomas, not that of Suarez. The scope of the book, it may be noted, is more restricted than is usual with text-books of Metaphysics. Its contents are what is indicated by the title: it treats of Being in general and its attributes. There is no discussion of substance and accident, nor of the four causes: and the treatment of *actus* and *potentia* is of the very briefest. Much of this matter has found a place in the author's other treatises. But the last-mentioned of these subjects is so absolutely fundamental in Aristotelian Metaphysics that we cannot but wish that it had met with ampler treatment.

The Bishop of Blomfontein is an Anglican writer who, in spite of the absence of doctrinal authority in his Church, has managed to grasp and develop a more orthodox religious philosophy than many of his fellow-Churchmen. His latest essay, **Scala Mundi** (Methuen: 4s. 6d. net), he describes as an attempt to apply the doctrine of organic evolution to the whole further range of being, thus linking man, the highest product of the former, with God the Creator, through the medium of the Incarnation. It is a familiar Catholic idea developed in Christological treatises. Here it is to be found in somewhat unfamiliar language bordering in some cases on heresy, as when Dr. Chandler attempts the difficult task of explaining the hypostatic union.

BOOKS FOR STUDENTS.

A lost treatise by St. Irenæus, **The Demonstration of the Apostolic Preaching**, a sort of compendium of Christian Doctrine, was discovered in 1904 in Eriwan, in Armenia, translated into the Armenian language. Several versions in European tongues have since appeared, none, according to Dean J. Armitage Robinson, who now issues an English translation (S.P.C.K.: 7s. 6d. net), completely satisfactory. The Dean, with commendable modesty, confesses to a limited knowledge of Armenian, and attributes his success in detecting the right meaning of his text to his general acquaintance with the Irenæan writings, particularly the work, *Against Heresies*. That acquaintance is abundantly shown in a learned introduction, which not only deals with the MS., but also traces the indebtedness of St. Irenæus to St. Justin, Martyr, and further dwells at great length upon the teaching concerning the Holy Ghost contained in the extant writings of each apologist. The fact that these writings are not so explicit on the point as are theologians now is no proof that the writers had not the complete doctrine, which, indeed, is sufficiently clear in the Gospels and in St. Paul's Epistles.

The S.P.C.K. has added several substantial volumes to its translations

of Greek and Latin early Christian literature. In the Greek series we have a version, with notes and introduction by the late Mr. C. E. Rolt, of **The Divine Names** and **The Mystical Theology** of the Pseudo-Dionysius (7s. 6d. net), edited by Dr. Sparrow-Simpson, who also contributes an essay on the influence of Dionysius on Christian thought. As long as the writer was considered orthodox and identical with St. Paul's convert, his works were interpreted, sometimes with difficulty, in an orthodox sense, a fact which indicates their obscurity and ambiguity. But when the spuriousness of their attribution was established at the beginning of the fifteenth century it became more evident that the author was in many respects outside the stream of Christian tradition. Both translator and editor are at pains to indicate this fact.

Photius is better known as the chief author of the Greek Schism than a literary man, but **The Library of Photius** (S.P.C.K.: 10s. net), which Mr. J. H. Freese proposes to translate in five volumes, this before us being the first, shows that his erudition was as great as his ambition. The "Bibliotheca" consists in a summary of some 279 books which Photius had read, the digest being long or short according to the dimensions and importance of the work. Singularly enough the first volume noticed is a work intended to establish the authenticity of the writings of Dionysius, "the Areopagite," the arguments against which Photius briefly enumerates.

FICTION.

It is inevitable that Miss Enid Dinnis's novel, "**Mr. Coleman, Gent.**" (Sands and Co.: 7s. net), her first long book, should provoke comparison with Mgr. Benson's "Odds Fish," which deals with the same period from the same standpoint. So it is satisfactory to be assured by the author that it was finished before Mgr. Benson's story appeared in 1914, and laid aside in consequence of that coincidence. It is something to say of it that it will bear comparison with that veteran novelist's book, both in dramatic and religious interest. In taking an historical personage for a hero, Miss Dinnis points out that his character is estimated according to various historical sources in three different ways—as a wily plotter and criminal, as a frivolous nincompoop, and as a Martyr to the Faith, and her task is to show how he managed to acquire this rather mixed reputation. Her previous stories will have prepared the reader of this, not only for literary excellence but also for the expression of a delicate sense of humour, and he will not be disappointed.

A pleasant tale in which religious and secular interests are deftly mingled,—lost wills, disputed inheritance, conversions, love-complications, and war's alarms—is that told by H. M. Cape, and called **Pardon and Peace** (Sands and Co.: 6s. net).

MISCELLANEOUS.

It is of course well-known that much of the legislation under which the Israelites lived was concerned with matters of physical health. A medical man, who saw much service in the East during the war, has compared his experience and observation with what is recorded of the desert-wanderings of the Jews, and in **Moses, the Founder of Preventive Medicine** (S.P.C.K.: 4s. net), Capt. P. Wood, R.A.M.C., pays high tribute to the wisdom and practical insight shown in the sanitary regulations of the Great Leader. A tendency to eliminate the miraculous altogether, even by suggesting "later interpolations," is the only drawback to an excellent and suggestive book.

Out of the mass of the writings of the Lutheran "mystic," Jacob Boehme, Mr. W. Scott Palmer has collected a number of passages of an autobiographical character and put them together so as to form a connected account of his spiritual development, which he calls **The Confessions of Jacob Boehme** (Methuen: 5s. net). Lacking any firm grasp of dogma, unsupported by any spirit of asceticism, and outside the Catholic Sacramental system, Boehme's pious meditations compare very unfavourably with those of the genuine mystics, and even Miss E. Underhill, who writes a discriminating introduction, acknowledges that his mind was deeply affected by the alchemy and magic of his time. By his own account, as Miss Underhill points out, his first book was a piece of automatic writing, and this faculty may well have been exercised in his later ones.

After the destruction of the Louvain Library no crime of the German armies was felt by the civilized world to be so peculiarly "Hunnish" as the destruction, partial only though it was, of Reims Cathedral. It indicated a spirit of barbarity, an insensibility to all civilized values, a reckless disregard to the world's opinion, which one associates only with the savage. Let it be granted that if the French had been so incredibly foolish as to use the Cathedral as an observation post or as a means of telegraphing, the stern customs of war would have justified the German shells. But, despite many elaborate and contradictory explanations of what occurred issued from various German sources, it is a melancholy fact that the militarists of that nation, out of sheer "frightfulness," did much to ruin this masterpiece of Christian art. His Lordship, the Bishop of Dijon, Mgr. Maurice Landrieux, who was Archbishop of the Cathedral from 1912-1916, has published a magnificent volume—**The Cathedral of Reims: the Story of a German Crime** (Kegan Paul and Co.: 21s.)—the perusal of which will fill all true lovers of art and religion with sadness. It is itself a monument of human barbarity. The damage done by shell and by fire is portrayed by means of a fine series of some hundred full-page photogravures, which show in exhaustive detail the effects of the 287 shells which are known to have struck the fabric, although "account was not taken of the fierce bombardment of April 24, 1917, and on April, May and June, in 1918." So grandly does this mountain of sculptured stone dominate the city that one feels thankful, though not to the German authorities, that worse damage was not done. We learn that several times the Holy Father intervened, and no doubt his appeals and the promises they elicited, although partially disregarded, did something to mitigate the assault. Mgr. Landrieux takes for the motto of his account—"We speak what we know: we testify to what we have seen." It would have been impossible for an eye-witness, with such knowledge as was burned into him, to record without indignation the mischief wantonly wrought and the disingenuous attempts to justify it. The whole book is aflame with righteous wrath. But the author has not on that account been careless about his evidence. His own diary of almost daily disaster is drawn upon, and when he is obliged to take press reports he does so with a full sense of their inadequacy. The book, which is capably translated by Mr. E. E. Williams, forms one of the indispensable histories of the Great War's phases.

The service Dr. James J. Walsh, of Fordham, has rendered, by his scholarly investigations into medieval history, to the reputation of the Middle Ages, grievously damaged by the insolence of the Renaissance

and the ignorance of the Reformation, is continued in the volume **Medieval Medicine** (Black: 7s. 6d. net), recently published. Although chiefly interesting to students of medicine, the volume illustrates incidentally the existence of accurate observation, astonishing in "pre-scientific" days, as also the extent to which Christian organizations were occupied in alleviating human miseries, and especially how Church authorities encouraged natural science.

The refusal of certain Canadians, mainly belonging to the Orange Associations and actuated therefore by the worst form of religious bigotry, to recognize that the Dominion is bi-lingual, and that the French inhabitants who now number one-third of the whole and are increasing in comparison with the non-French, are just as entitled to the preservation of their own language as are the English-speaking, keeps that flourishing country in continued unrest, and is always counteracting the many influences that make for union. Canada has grown to independent nationhood more thoroughly and speedily than any other member of the British Commonwealth, but Canada will never be strong until "Trojan and Tyrian" within its bounds are absolutely equal before the law. In January of last year we reviewed a remarkable book, *The Clash*, by an Anglo-Canadian Protestant, wherein the disease was diagnosed and the remedy prescribed with great vigour and fairness. A smaller and more recent volume, written quite independently, and called **Bridging the Chasm** (Dent and Sons, Toronto: \$1.35), by another Anglo-Canadian Protestant, Mr. Percival F. Morley, comes to the problem in the same spirit and arrives at the same conclusion, viz., that the Ontario Department of Education in August 1913 made an unwarranted attack upon the French language by its schools-regulation, and has incidentally done much to keep Canada disunited. It is a pleasing sign of better times that moderate and fair-minded men like Messrs. Moore and Morley should be thus so assiduously trying to persuade "their own side" to recognize and admit the rights of the other.

The masterly **Study in Socialism** (Herder: 6s. net), by Benedict Elder, which we reviewed three years ago, has deservedly reached a second edition. We know of no discussion in equal compass which sets before the reader so clearly and forcibly the details of its protean subject, or which shows such a sympathetic understanding of what is good and such a detestation of what is not in the socialist position.

MINOR PUBLICATIONS.

The spirit of Orangeism, which is manifesting itself so luridly in Derry at present, is no less apparent in a document published in **The Catholic Mind** for May 22nd (America Press: 5 c.), called "The Orangeman's Hymn of Hate," and being in fact a "strictly confidential" letter sent round to the Canadian Lodges on March 1st, 1918. It is equally directed against Frenchmen and Catholics, showing a diabolical rancour both racial and religious. In poignant juxtaposition to this poisonous ebullition is a reprint of Blessed Oliver Plunket's noble speech of defence delivered before his execution. The issue for June 8th contains valuable matter in refutation of the godless theories of the Eugenists and Malthusians.

The Road Home (C.T.S.: 2d.), by Pearl Rudkin, is the history of a conversion, always an interesting record, and the **Coming of Concetta** (C.T.S.: 2d.) one of Miss Christmas's graceful stories.

BOOKS RECEIVED

(Reviewed in present issue or reserved for future notice.)

- ABBEY PRESS, Fort Augustus.**
Calendar of Scottish Saints. By Dom M. Barrett, O.S.B. Pp. 195. Price, 2s. 6d. net.
- AMERICAN ASSOCIATION FOR INTERNATIONAL CONCILIATION, New York.**
 Pamphlets Nos. 145-149.
- AMERICA PRESS, New York.**
Catholic Mind. Vol. XVIII. Nos. 10, 11. Price, 5c. each.
- FROM THE AUTHOR.**
Nisan Fourteenth and Fifteenth in Gospel and Talmud. By M. A. Power, S.J.
- BEAUCHESNE, Paris.**
Marie et le Dogme. By Ch. Gonthier. Pp. 74. Price, 3.00 fr.
Les Ames Généreuses. By L. Capelle, S.J. Pp. xxviii. 623. Price, 12.00 fr. net.
- BEYAERT, Bruges.**
De Sponsalibus et Matrimonio. By A. de Smet. Tom. II. Pp. viii. 398. Price (with Tom. I.), 30.00 fr.
- BLACKWELL, Oxford.**
Gammer Gurton's Needle. Edited by H. F. B. Brett-Smith. Pp. xv. 80. Price, 4s. 6d. net. *Religion and Life.* Pp. 48. Price, 2s. net.
- BURNS, OATES & WASHBOURNE, London.**
Divine Contemplation for All. By Dom Louismet, O.S.B. Pp. xi. 195. Price, 5s. 6d. net. *The Path of Humility.* From the French. Pp. ix. 292. Price, 6s. net.
A Little Book of St. Francis. By E. M. Wilmot Buxton. Pp. iii. 46. Price, 3s. 6d. n. *Jesus Christ the Son of God.* By the Archbishop of Bombay. Pp. 152. Price, 3s. net. *The Christian Faith.* By Père Suau. Pp. xi. 158. Price, 2s. 6d. net. *The Presence of God.* By a Master of Novices. Pp. viii. 110. *The Mother of Christ.* By Fr. Vassall-Phillips. Pp. xxviii. 524. Price, 7s. 6d. net.
- CORNISH BROS., Birmingham.**
Poems. By John O. Tunstall. Pp. 114. Price, 6s. net. *The Pilgrimage of a Thousand Years.* By Owen F. Glazebrook. Pp. 64. Price, 4s. 6d. net.
- "EL MONTE CARMELO" PRINTING PRESS, Burgos.**
De Deo Uno, Trino, Creatore. By Bishop Valentine Zubizarreta, O.C.Exc. Pp. 712. Price, 10 pesetas.
- EVANS BROS., London.**
Pictures and Chats about Animals. Teachers' Edition, 2s. 6d. net. Pupils' Edition, 6d. net.
- GILL & SON, Dublin.**
June Roses for the Sacred Heart. Pp. 151. Price, 2s. net.
- GRANT RICHARDS, London.**
The Philosophy of Mysticism. By E. I. Watkin. Pp. 412. Price, 21s. net.
- KING & SON, London.**
A Second Book of School Celebrations. By J. H. Hayward, D.Lit. Pp. 133.
- LONGMANS, London.**
An Essay on Medieval Economic Teaching. By G. O'Brien, Litt.D. Pp. viii. 242. Price, 12s. 6d. net.
- LOYOLA UNIVERSITY PRESS, Chicago.**
Experimental Psychology. By H. Gruender, S.J. Vol. I. Pp. 295. Price, \$1.50 net.
- MISSION PRESS, Techny, U.S.A.**
Missionary Mass Hymns. 15 c.
- PAULIST PRESS, New York.**
Back to Christ. By C. Lattey, S.J. Pp. vii. 119. Price, \$1.00.
- PUTNAM'S SONS, New York.**
The Rose of Jericho. By R. H. Boucicault. Pp. 485.
- SANDS & CO., London.**
"Mr. Coleman, Gent." By Enid Dinnis. Pp. viii. Price, 7s.
Joan of Arc. By I. A. Taylor. Pp. 253. Price, 6s. net.
First Communion Days. By a Sister of Notre Dame. Pp. 96. Price, 2s. 6d. net. *Pardon and Peace.* By H. M. Capes. Pp. 224. Price, 6s. net.
- S.P.C.K., London.**
The Temptations of Jesus. By W. J. Foxwell. Pp. viii. 194. Price, 6s. 6d. net. *Our Smallest Ally.* By W. A. Wigram, D.D. Pp. vi. 57. Price, 1s. 6d. net. *Peterborough.* By K. and R. E. Roberts. Pp. 128. Price, 4s. n.
- TÉQUI, Paris.**
Les Promesses du Sacre-Cœur. By E. Truphtin. Pp. xi. 324. Price, 5 00 fr.

